The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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HE RAISED CAIN AT A BANQUET.

A Guest at the Banquet Table, through Jealousy, Creates a Riot amongst the Gathering.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. (Belfast).—"The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan" was published by himself some four years ago in Boston. We don't know of any of the copies ever having been sent to this country on sale. Write to the New York *Illustrated News*, 240, Broadway, New York City; we believe that paper has the book on sale.

ANXIOUS (Wolverhampton).—"Ned Donnelly on Boxing" is as good a book as any you can purchase. Order it of your newsagent.

W. N.—Send portrait and record.

MOSES.—1. Write to Arthur Callan, care of this office. 2. Measure from the armpit to the tip of the fingers. 3. Tom Sayers was the champion heavy-weight of England. 4. Thanks for compliment.

J. T. (Pentonville),—No such book has ever been published.

W. L. (Plymouth).—We shall respond by mail.

INQUISITIVE. — Send 2s. 8d. and THE MIRROR of LIFE will be sent you post-free for thirteen weeks.

L. W. (Aberdeen).—We can use the article.

Now that Peter Jackson has reached this country we may expect to hear of a match being arranged between the black and Paddy Slavin for a suitable purse. Boxing is on the boom at present, and we trust those directly interested will not be foolish enough to do anything to give it a black eye. Jackson is probably thought more of than any fighter now before the British public because of his gentlemanly actions and his sincerity in match-making ever since he became prominent as a heavy-weight pugilist. He came here a stranger, and in short order hauled down the number of Jem Smith. That victory he closely followed by knocking out Slavin when the Australian was at his very best. Ever since the proposed battle with J. J Corbett was regarded as settled, he stood manfully up ready for a decisive fixture, and when he realised he had come in contact with a parcel of schemers he quietly quit the field as plain Peter Jackson, leaving the unprincipled members of the Corbett division minus a target for free advertising and newspaper controversy. Every true British sportsman believes in the black as the premier pugilist of the world, and any time he is called upon to do battle he will be backed for a small-sized fortune.

* * *

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, has created an innovation in pugilism by knocking out all comers inside of four rounds. By his unassuming demeanour he has made a host of friends in the kingdom, and, what is more, he can be backed for £1,000 to take on any man in the world at 11st 4lb. Craig is infatuated with England and the English people, and talks seriously of making this country his future home.

* * *

WE were pleased to learn that many of the patrons of boxing attended the funeral of Jem Dillon, who was one of the greatest men we ever produced at 9st 10lb. In the days when Dillon held a foremost position as a pugilist men were forced to do battle for honour more than the actual sum of money at stake, and it required a man of undoubted courage to shy his castor in the squared circle on the turf. The old-timers are gradually dropping off, and a few years hence we will have none of them left to tell the tale of the days when it was deemed a great honour to be in a position to boast of being a real Ring hero.

* * *

THE announcement that Frank Craig is to box with Joe Steers at Central Hall, Holborn, is rather premature. No such an arrangement has been made with the Coffee Cooler. What the contract does call for is a three-round exhibition bout between Craig and Prof. Butler, and if, when Craig steps into the ring on Saturday night, the audience are disappointed over Steers's absence, they should blame only the management for publishing what is not true.

HE FATHERED THE GOOSE.

A Man Mistakes a Goose for his Child, and Exposes his Condition.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A MAN who has a family should never loiter around the public-houses on Saturday night, because it not only induces him to squander his money, but has a tendency to induce him to partake of too much beer. A man employed in the Borough was parading home the other night laden down with a goose intended for Sunday's dinner. He fell in with some of his pals, who proposed a drop of beer. Several tankards were disposed of, and by the time the party dispersed for their respective homes they were bearing up under a heavy load. The individual with the goose reached his domicile, and matters would have progressed serenely had it not been that he planted the dead bird in the baby's cradle, and sitting upon a chair beside it, he slept there until daylight, when his wife awoke and readily perceived the predicament he was in. She quickly got out of bed and roused her wayward spouse. He declares in future he will cast his fortunes amongst the temperance people, just to see how much better off he will be a month hence.

BOW-WOWS AND THEIR PATRONS.

The Element that Patronise the Displays of Four-Footed Pets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EVERYBODY is fond of a well-bred dog, and that is partly the reason why dog shows are held, but such exhibitions are devoid of all life or amusement; hence the fact of their being sparsely patronised by the general public. Enthusiasts go to a bench show just to gratify their curiosity in looking at a well-bred dog, whilst women like to attend in order to fondle one of the high-bred yelpers. Some dogs have an expression that would do justice to some men, as will be seen in the upper left hand sketches of our page illustration. Small dogs generally possess a smiling or humorous appearance about the mouth, whilst the bulldog's value ranges in accordance with its ugly head and sawed-off nose and mouth. A visit to a dog show is pretty certain to reward you with a cracking headache if nothing else, but it is fashionable for some people to go, and go they will to be in the fashion.

TED PRITCHARD.

England's Representative Middle-Weight who is to Box Burge Ten Rounds, Nov. 26.

(With Portrait.)

SPORTING men all the world over are acquainted with Ted Pritchard's brilliant career, and how he set the seal on his fame by defeating Jem Smith in decisive fashion on July 27, 1891. He was born on July 21, 1869, and stands 5ft 9in. When sixteen years of age he displayed a fancy for boxing, and after a little schooling he joined a boxing booth. Taking on all comers, young Pritchard generally came through the ordeal with flying colours, and returning to the Metropolis, he entered for a light-weight competition in Blackfriars, promoted by Mick Welsh. The novice had an easy task, but though he was again successful his performance attracted little notice at the time. Subsequently a pro. named Mike Moore, a burly, fair-complexioned fellow, well known in metropolitan saloons, especially Lambeth way, took a benefit, with Pritchard as his partner in the wind-up. The way Pritchard set about his much heavier opponent soon got abroad, but it was not until the new star had won a competition at the Windsor Castle, Plumstead, that the "fancy" deigned to notice him. In the event referred to he compelled George Cashley, better known as "Yorkey," to haul down his flag at the end of the second round, and romped in for first prize. This performance at once brought him to the front, and sending in his name as a competitor for a 9st 6lb event at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, he was considered class enough to be one of the selected. Pritchard fully vindicated his right to be chosen, as, after beating Dave Galvin and Dick Leary in the first and second round respectively, he won the prize by conquering Dave Burke in the final. So impressed were his friends with the form Pritchard had shown that a challenge appeared in the columns of this paper a few days later to any man in the world at 10st for £200 a-side. Pritchard failed to find a customer, but again throwing down the gauntlet, he was matched to box Jem Hayes for £100 a-side at 10st 4lb. The affair was decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, and when Hayes was getting the worst of it, some of his friends broke up the ring in the fourth round. Law suits and all sorts of things were subsequently threatened; and, after Pritchard had been awarded the stakes, he accepted £50 and agreed to a draw. For some time after this the Lambeth youth failed to find a customer, but eventually a "pony" was staked on behalf of an "unknown." The men duly met, and without trouble arranged a match at 10st 8lb (Pritchard having by this time filled out considerably) for £100 a-side. The "unknown" turned out to be Alec Burns, who, however, fared no better than his predecessor, because on June 6, 1890, Pritchard stopped his man in the short space of six minutes. Burns acknowledged he had never before been hit so hard. Pritchard after this was unwell for some time, and had to forfeit £5 posted to bind a match with Alf. Mitchell. A three months' sojourn in Germany was said to have done wonders for him, and returning home he signed articles to box Billy M'Carthy, the Australian, at the Pelican Club, for a purse of £200. M'Carthy came up considerably over weight, and eventually the match fell through. Pritchard was then articled to box Alf. Mitchell, of Cardiff, for £500 a-side, the Welshman losing at the end of the fourth round. Following this, he defeated Jack Burke on March 12, 1891, in a contest with small gloves for £500 a-side. The men fought at the Albany Club, Burke being knocked out in the third round. Pritchard's next battle was with Smith, whom he disposed of in three rounds. Pritchard's last fight was with Jem Hall at the National Sporting Club, August 20, 1892, for £2,000. Hall surprised the fraternity by knocking Pritchard out in the fourth round. Since then Ted has been in idleness, but now that he has taken on Dick Burge for a ten-round battle at the Eden Theatre, November 26, he is getting into good condition, and regards the affair as a certainty to win. If successful he will match with Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, for a twenty-round fight.

SHE RECOGNISED HIS VOICE.

A Ruffian in Disguise Attempts to Maltreat His Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"IT is an old and true saying that one-half of the world knows not how the other half survives," says a Derby correspondent. "In a terrace on one of our principal streets there resides a couple who have always been looked upon as leading a happy life, but developments the other day put a different complexion on matters. It appears the husband entered his own house disguised the other night, and, coming in contact with his wife, dealt her an unmerciful beating. He would, no doubt, have injured her severely had she not recognised his voice when he ordered her to be silent. When he realised he had been discovered he cast aside his disguise, and warned her not to mention the fact to any of the neighbours."

DICK BURGE.

The English 10st Champion who is to Box Ted Pritchard Ten Rounds.

(With Portrait.)

DICK BURGE, the clever and popular Newcastle pugilist, was born at Cheltenham Dec. 19, 1865. Stands 5ft 7in tall, and scales at 10st in condition. He took to boxing in 1883, when he defeated Smith at Birmingham in an off-hand battle. He next disposed of James Lowes in two glove fights, and followed up those victories by scoring over Bob Foster, of Newcastle, in less than half an hour with bare knuckles. He was beaten by Ben Seth near London, but retrieved his lost laurels by putting down Felix Scott in a fight at Liverpool. He beat Frank Honson, of Manchester, at Newcastle, but in a second meeting at Sheffield he lost the battle on a foul. He fought John Robinson to a draw at Newcastle for £200. In the Spring of 1891 he met Jem Carney, and after a well-contested mill, in which Carney had a trifle the best of matters, the verdict went to Burge on a foul. May 4, 1894, Burge beat Harry Nickless in twenty-eight rounds for £100 a-side and an added purse.

Burge has scored numerous victories on the cinder path. He is extremely clever in getting about a ring, and can use both hands with effect. He made two visits to the States to get on a fight with Jack McAuliffe, but failed to induce the American to come to time.

He believes he can give Ted Pritchard a stand-off in their ten-round battle, to occur November 26.

JOE WALCOTT.

A Coloured 9st 11lb Pugilist who Challenges the World up to 10st.

(With Portrait.)

BY his easy victories over Tom Tracey, Mike Harris, Dick O'Brien, and Austin Gibbons, Joe Walcott has convinced the American sports that he is the best man in the world up to 10st. Though very short, he is well put together, and possesses a style of boxing peculiarly his own, and proves fatal to all whom he meets. He has for the past two years been meeting all comers in the 10st division, and, strange to say, none who have ever taken him on for four-round bouts have ever been fortunate enough to stay through the stipulated number of rounds.

Walcott can be backed to fight any man in the world up to 10st for any part of £1,000 a-side, and if suitable inducements were held out he would come here and do battle.

STRUCK THE WRONG CUSTOMER.

A Practical Joker Narrowly Escapes being Knifed at a Public-house.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is poor policy for a man to crack jokes in a public-house at the expense of strangers, and it frequently leads to serious trouble. In a resort in the Borough the other night, two local sports found a considerable amount of employment in "kidding" a stranger who dropped in for a drink. It was not until the stranger was alluded to as a filthy foreigner that he took umbrage at the conversation, and, drawing a long knife from his pocket, he made a dash at the man, and would have killed him on the spot but for the timely assistance of a friend who grasped the stranger by the throat and disarmed him.

THE COACHMAN OBJECTED.

The Master Ejected from his Own Drawing-room for Talking Familiar to his Servant.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ACCORDING to reports from St. John's Wood, rather an amusing incident occurred at the residence of a well-known citizen. It appears he took a fancy to the parlour-maid, and accepted every opportunity to throw himself in her way. She, however, was infatuated with the coachman, who was jealous of her every move. While the master was engaging a conversation with the parlour-maid in the drawing-room the other day the coachman acted as an eavesdropper, until at last he became so enraged that he rushed into the room and ejected the master. Both were peremptorily discharged and given a month's wages in lieu of notice.

ANNIE DUNBAR.

A Popular Comedienne and Footlight Favourite who Contemplates a Tour of the States.

(With Portrait.)

ANNIE DUNBAR has installed herself a favourite at the leading London and provincial music-halls. She contemplates a tour of the United States next season.

At present she is not performing at any of the music-halls, but is located at the Old King's Head, Leicester Square.

ROYALTY ON HORSE RACING.

CHARLES II. was credited with being an ardent patron of the turf; but as horse-racing was only in its infancy in his days there is not much interest attaching to the "Merry Monarch's" connection with it. Of his immediate successors on the throne, neither James II. nor William III. evinced the slightest partiality for the sport; but, strange to say, in heavy, dull, plethoric, prudish Queen Anne horse-racing found a sincere and constant supporter. It was she who first started the Royal Gold Cups in the north; and not only did her Majesty give these handsome prizes, she was also very eager in running her own horses for them. But the Royal stable was not fortunate. The Queen, indeed, had a pretty good horse in her grey gelding, Pepper, who was placed for the York Gold Cup in 1712; and another grey horse of hers, Mustard, ran well there in 1713, but neither was good enough to win his Royal mistress a Gold Cup. She was destined, however, at last to win a triumph at York, though it was one of which she was never conscious, for on the very morning on which her brown horse, Star, won for her her first great victory on the turf, Friday, July 30, 1714, the Queen was seized with apoplexy, and remained in a state of insensibility until Sunday, August 1, when she died. Neither George I. nor George II. understood or appreciated the attractions of horse-racing; and although George III. was fond of hunting, and kept two packs of hounds, he had no affection for the turf; and his annual visit with his family to Ascot Heath was all the encouragement he gave the sport, if we except a plate of a hundred guineas to be run for by horses that had been regularly hunted with the Royal hounds during the preceding winter. His son, George IV., however, atoned for all the shortcomings of his ancestors in this respect, and both before and after his accession to the throne, was passionately devoted to racing. As his career on the Turf presents many curious features, it will be interest ing to give a brief sketch of it.

It was in the year 1784 that George IV., then Prince of Wales, made his first appearance on the course, in the character of an owner of racehorses. For seven seasons he continued to patronise the game ardently, amongst other successes winning the Derby in 1788 with Sir Thomas, until the notorious Escape scandal, in 1791, caused him abruptly to sever his connection with the turf—an event that was keenly regretted by lovers of the sport throughout the kingdom. The facts were briefly these: On October 20, 1791, a horse named Escape, the property of the Prince, ran at Newmarket in a race for which it was first favourite, but finished absolutely last. On the following day, with 6 to 1 betted against him, Escape won easily a race in which two of the horses which had distanced him on the previous day also ran. In both cases Sam Chifney had ridden Escape, and a rumour at once spread that the jockey, with or without the connivance of his master, had "pulled" the horse for the first race, and had thereby netted several hundreds of pounds. The matter was brought before the Jockey Club, Sir Charles Bunbury and Messrs. Ralph Dutton and Thomas Panton being the stewards appointed to investigate the affair. They were not satisfied with Chifney's explanation, and Sir Charles Bunbury went so far as to say that if Chifney were suffered to ride the Prince's horses no gentleman would start against him. It was a bitter pill to swallow; but the Prince behaved like a man, and gave up his favourite amusement rather than sacrifice his servant. His Royal Highness told Chifney he should not be likely to keep horses again. "But if ever I do," he added, "Sam Chiffey, you shall train and manage them. You shall have your two hundred guineas a year all the same. I cannot give it you for your life; I can only give it for my own. You have been an honest and good servant to me." Early in 1792 the Prince's stud was brought to the hammer, but though he ceased to run horses of his own, he did not by any means lose his zest for the sport. Newmarket Heath, indeed, he had sworn never to visit again, and he kept his word, for from that time till his death he only once viewed its white, ghost-like posts and venerable Rubbing-Houses, as he swept along the London Road, after sleeping all night at the Palace, in Mr. Douglas's time, on his return from a visit to Holkham. But he enjoyed the pastime on other courses, and especially at Brighton. The well-known Tom Raikes, in his diary, left a graphic picture of Brighton on a race morning when the Prince was in his meridian, and the ground was covered with "tandems, beautiful women, and light hussars."

"In those days," writes the diarist, "the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests, and the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London. The 'legs' and bettors, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour, to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued to await the opening of their books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysteriously, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Clo[illegible]e, Mr. Mellish, will you [illegible]nd set us a-going?' Then, [illegible] of Buckle would say, 'I'll ta[illegible] about Sir Solomon,' the whole pa[illegible]pened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the departure for the hill the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd in a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person. He was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummel, M. Day, Churchill, and the little old Jew, Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty. The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's barouche and six bay horses—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and gliding up the green ascent was stationed close to the Grand Stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was furnished to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner, with every luxury, at the club house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brooke's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's were not forgotten."

In 1826 George IV. returned to the Turf, and faithful to his promise renewed his acquaintance with the Chifneys, whom he retained to ride and train for him. Once fairly on the turf again, the King entered into it with as great an interest as ever. He cared but little what price he gave for his racers—1,500 or 3,000 guineas was all the same to him. The Colonel was his most expensive purchase; but 4,000 guineas did not stand in his way when he was determined to win the Ascot Cup and present it to the pride of his Court. Zinganee was, however, destined to foil him, and Lord Chesterfield, who had made an offer for the horse after he had won the Oatlands on the Tuesday, not only mentioned the negotiation to the King that evening, but gracefully expressed his readiness to break it off and not be in any way the instrument of depriving his Majesty of a trophy on which he had evidently set his heart. "My dear Chesterfield," was the frank jovial answer, "buy the Chifneys horse by all means; if you don't beat me with him Gully will; I don't mind being beaten by you!" The purchase was made, and Zinganee bore off the Cup from Royalty's representative, The Colonel. Then his Majesty could not rest until he had bought Zinganee, for whom he gave 2,500gs. But the horse was past his prime and no good afterwards, though he ran for the Ascot Cup under the Royal colours in 1830, when he came in a "bad last." At that time the King was on his death-bed. Yet, ill as he was, he felt so anxious about the result that he sent his factotum, Jack Ratford, specially over to Ascot, charging him to come back express with the news the instant the horses had passed the post. The love of the sport was with him to the very last, and hence, despite all his faults, turfites still retain an affection for his memory. Indeed his connection with the turf is the only relationship in which the character of George IV. stands out framed in a bright and pleasant setting, for there he was always seen at his best, jovial, frank, good-natured, fascinating—a kind master and a true sportsman.

The King's brother, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was almost as keen a lover of the turf as his Majesty himself. "Jolly, cursing, courageous Frederick," as Thackeray calls him, was indeed, on the whole, a far more manly character than George, and certainly superior to him as an all-round sportsman. He began his racing career in 1800, and, though his stud was a small one, he was exceedingly lucky, for he carried off the Derby twice—with Prince Leopold in 1816 and with Moses in 1822. He was the patron of the old Bibury Club, where only gentlemen riders were allowed; and strange tales are still told of the wild doings which went on at the seat of Lord Sherborne when His Royal Highness came down for the Bibury races, and foregathered there with Colonel Mellish, Sir Charles Bunbury, and other choice spirits. He was the prince of *bon vivants*, and was seen to perfection at the head of the table.

"The quaint old toast of 'I drink to Cardinal Puff,'" says *The Druid*, "may be said to have died with him, and perhaps there is hardly a man alive who would know how to propose it with all its intricate but graceful honours." There is extant a somewhat elaborate description of this once celebrated toast, which is, however, too long for quotation here. It must suffice to say that the words are few, as in Caleb Plummer's famous song, "We'll drown it in a bowl, my boys"; and that the duke's art consisted in giving the peculiar turns and twists to the glass he held in his hand when proposing his historic toast of "Cardinal Puff." "The duke's stud," says the writer already quoted, "of thirty-two animals, including seven hacks and ten grey ponies, was brought to the hammer on February 5, 1827, just one month from the date of his death. The Duke of Richmond gave 1,100 guineas for Moses, who was very beautiful in every point except his feet, which were sadly infirm; while Mr. Payne bought Figaro, who had run Moses in for the Derby, at 200 guineas more. The King also gave 560 guineas for Rachael; but racers, hacks, carriages, and dogs only produced 8,804 guineas—a mere mole-hill compared with the Skiddaw-like pile of debts which he left behind him. Rundell and Bridge, his jewellers, had such an account that Cape Breton was ceded to them in lieu of it by the Government of the day, and his taste in their line may be judged by the fact that his rifle, which brought 50 guineas, had a gold pan and touch-hole.

The Duke of Clarence, too, afterwards William IV., kept racehorses, but that he had not much knowledge of the sport may be gathered from the following characteristic anecdote of him. When his trainer asked him what he should send down to run at Ascot, our sailor King replied: "Why the whole squad, first-rates and gunboats; some of them, I suppose, must win." From that time until the present Prince of Wales began his modest racing career we have seen nothing of royalty on the turf.

DARKEY BARTON.

A Battersea Pugilist who has Gained Ring Honours in the 9st Division.

(With Portrait.)

DARKEY BARTON, of Battersea, is 22 years old, stands 5ft 5in, and fights at 9st when in condition. After a series of local bouts he met, in his first serious engagement, Oxford Bob, in the final of Sam Blakelock's competition at the Corunna; he defeated M'Naughty at Her Majesty's Theatre in a well-fought battle, and likewise gained the verdict over H. Spurden in a four-round contest at 8st 10lb, but in a later bout with Spurden he was beaten in eight rounds. He also placed to his credit a 9st competition, which he won at the now defunct Pelican, beating in the final Bill Day. At the Thames Rowing Club he succumbed to Arthur Callan in the first round of trial bouts. At the Kennington Social Club he was beaten by Arthur Valentine and Harry Greenfield. Beat Tom Ireland in eight rounds. Arthur Willoughby was all out in five rounds when contesting eight with Barton. McNaughty cried quits in four rounds when set the same task. When opposing Grady in a 20-round contest it was declared a draw, but his superiority was declared when he again met him, and in a similar battle which he won in the tenth round. He was again victorious at the N.S. Club in a 9st competition; met H. Spurden for the 9st championship, and was defeated in the twenty-second round, for a purse of £250. He appeared at the Washington Music Hall, and sparred two exhibition bouts with the "Cooler," and is still on the war path for a customer at 9st if only a suitable purse is offered. He entered the 9st competition at the National Sporting Club, October 22, but was beaten by Anderson in the trial bout. Barton is desirous of getting on a battle at 9st for a purse.

PUNCH VAUGHAN.

A Liverpool Pugilist who Manages the Malakoff Club.

(With Portrait.)

PUNCH VAUGHAN has been familiar with the sporting fraternity of Lancashire for several years, being the recognised light-weight champion of that district. He has proved successful in twenty-eight glove contests, and being unable to procure a customer in his town, he has taken to promoting boxing sport. He conducts the Malakoff Club in Liverpool, and is always prepared to offer a reasonable purse for a good fight.

CHARLES MORRITT.

A Magician who is a Thorough Sportsman and Showman.

(With Portrait.)

CHARLES MORRITT, the clever magician, is a thorough all-round sportsman and showman as well. He is but 35 years of age, and commenced his career as a treasurer of the Varieties Music Hall, Leeds, eighteen years ago; within seven years from that time he made such rapid strides to the front ranks that he secured control of three music-halls, two in Leeds and one in Bradford. It was at those establishments that some of the cleverest artistes of the past and present have appeared, including the late Vance, Fred Coyne, Fred Alberts, Nelly Farrell, Pat Feeney, Dan Leno, Charley Godfrey, MacDermott, Millie Hylton, Jenny Hill, Lottie Collins, Harry Randall, Harry Rickards, Sisters Leamar, George Beauchamp, Ferguson and Mac, G. W. Hunter, and the Bohee boys. Among boxing men he has had under engagements at his Yorkshire places were Jem Mace, Jem Smith, J. Kilrain, and Jem Carney. In 1884, when the renowned Tichborne Claimant was released from prison, Morritt secured him for six months at a salary of £90 per week to appear throughout the United Kingdom. As a magician Morritt made his début at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in 1886, when, with the assistance of his sister Lilian, they became famous for entertainments known as second sight and lightning calculation. They appeared there 300 times, and after a tour of the United Kingdom they visited America, giving 128 performances in New York, twenty-one in Philadelphia, twenty-one in Boston, the same in Cleveland, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, and other large cities. Previous to returning home he gave a special performance before President Cleveland. On reaching London he was at once engaged by Maskelyne and Cooke to appear at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where he gave 1,728 performances, being more than double the number of performances given by any other magician in London. He appeared 832 times at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, 100 times at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, 220 times at the Empire Theatre, besides appearing at the London Pavilion, Royal, Holborn, Canterbury, Paragon, Middlesex, and the Royal Aquarium. At the last-named resort he is at present engaged, performing afternoon and evening. Morritt has had the honour of appearing by special request before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He gave his entertainment in a drawing-room on July 20, 1892, and was personally complimented by His Royal Highness as being one of the best magicians and illusionists in the world. He is proprietor and manager of the Eden Theatre of Varieties in Great Queen Street, and has made boxing a special feature at that house of amusement.

BILLIARDS IN A NOVEL MANNER.

A Party of Mexicans who were Bound to Create an Innovation in Billiard Playing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"AT Santa Fé, New Mexico," says a correspondent, "a game of billiards was played in rather a novel manner. Bows and arrows were utilised as cues, and it was necessary to strike first the ball in play and then the object ball. Though the balls were sent flying in all directions, few shots were made before the cloth covering the table was fairly in shreds. The proprietor expostulated, but was silenced when the requisite sum of cash was produced to repair the damage done. Whiskey flowed about as free as water, and before the party had been enjoying the sport an hour they became so intoxicated that assistance had to be called in order to land the 'boozing' party upon the streets to wander to a place of retirement as best they could."

THEY EVENED MATTERS WITH TWO FLIRTS.

How Two Young Women Draped their Houses in Mourning because their Lovers were Faithless.

(Subject of Illustration.)

YOUNG women who possess good common sense should never pine if disappointed in love, because nothing gives a faithless man more pleasure than to see a girl pine away on his account. Two young women who reside near London got a cold shake from a pair of heartless wretches and soon brought them to time when they draped their houses in mourning, and hung up a placard "We mourn the loss of B——." The pair strolled by, and finding their actions had in no way disconcerted the fair maidens they assumed a vastly different mien, and begged their way back into the good graces of the girls, who now keep them in check, advancing the argument that they are only tolerated on probation, and the slightest sign of faithlessness will mean an immediate dismissal. Women are curious characters, and to play with them is on a par with tampering with edged tools.

J. HAMILTON CRAIG.

A London Publican who is the Husband of Annie Dunbar.

(With Portrait.)

J. HAMILTON CRAIG will probably be better known as a Birmingham sporting man. He resided there for many years, and was prominent in connection with fistic and athletic events in the Midlands. Since he has taken possession of the Old King's Head, Leicester Square, London, that establishment has been the favoured resort of the sports and theatrical profession. Craig is the husband of Annie Dunbar, the popular comedienne.

TIME, 3 a.m.

Old Soak (stumbling)"— —— ——!! *** !! —— —— * * * *? —— —— !! —— —— —!!!"

Mrs. Soak: "Did you speak to me darling?"

Old Soak: "No, m'dam, I wash 'dressin' th' chair."

* * *

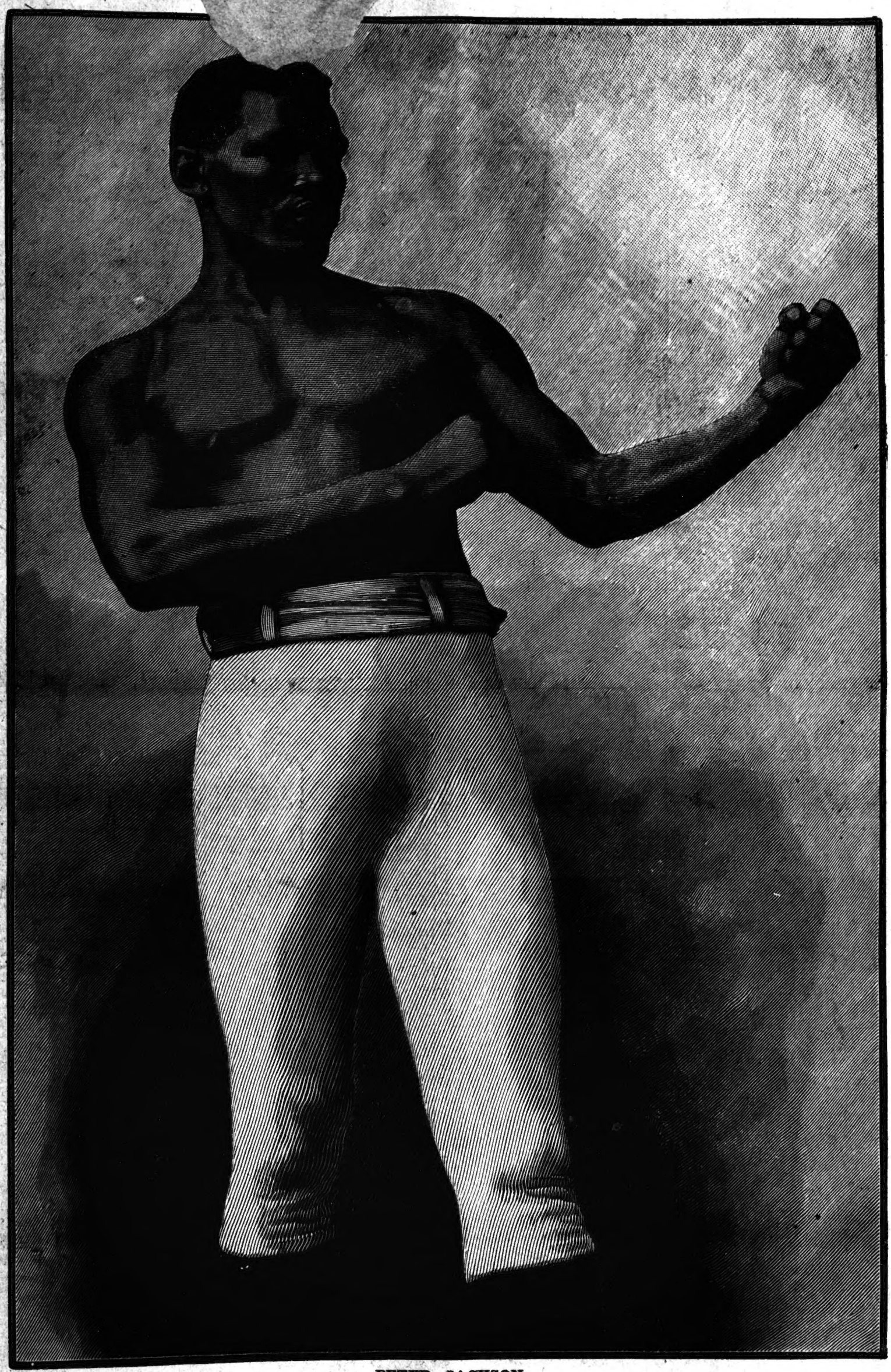
THE PA: "Were you and Mr. Fisher out alone last night?"

The Daughter: "Oh, no, pa! We were with each other."

SHE RECOGNISED HIS VOICE.
A Ruffian in Disguise Attempts to Maltreat His Wife.

HE FATHERED THE GOOSE.
A Man Mistakes a Goose for his Child, and Exposes his Condition.

THEY EVENED MATTERS WITH TWO FLIRTS.
How Two Young Women Draped their Houses in Mourning because their Lovers were Faithless.



PETER JACKSON.

The Coloured Heavy-Weight Champion of the World, whom Corbett Declined to Meet on Fair Terms.

JOHN MOFFAT, of Bampton, a once famous wrestler, died the other day at the King's Arms Hotel, Shap, Westmoreland. He competed with Ralph Pooley, Wm. Matthews, Isaac Freers, Tommy Kennedy, Wm. Rickerby, George Lowden, Geo. Steadman, and other famous champions, with more or less success. Moffat took the chief prize for middle-weights in most of the principal rings in England—to wit, Grasmere, Carlisle, Morpeth, Newcastle, and Pooley Bridge. At Lillie Bridge in 1878 Ralph Pooley, after an interesting struggle, threw Moffat in the fifth round, when Matthews, of Mosside, was odd man. Matthews was a grand wrestler, but, like Kennedy, he laboured under the disadvantage of being short of stature and never up to the weight at 11st, where as Ralph Pooley stood close on 6ft, and was always fully bang up to the regulation avoirdupois. Nobody could stand up against such a grenadier as Ralph Pooley, yet the same Ralph had the greatest trouble to dispose of Moffat, and so had George Lowden when the pair met at Lillie Bridge in 1882. Lowden, Steadman, Tom Pooley, and Moffat were the standing men in the fifth round. Steadman threw Tom Pooley, who was then a rising heavy weight, and Moffat nearly upset the calculations of Lowden. Both were good light-weight wrestlers at an early stage of their careers, and each was equally successful. However, when Lowden ran into such immense bone, muscle, and flesh the lesser man was not in the hunt. Lowden (as they say) "fathered" him, and down went Moffat.

* * *

THE Victoria Pedestrian Company will give £100 in cash prizes for a 130 yards foot handicap, to be decided at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Boxing Day and the day following.

* * *

G. W. H. Kirby, an old Sheffield Handicap winner, was recently married in San Francisco to Miss Mary Jane Keville. Kirby was formerly of Gormal, and won the Sheffield Easter Handicap in 1873.

* * *

THE anticipated Sporting League has now been formally inaugurated. It is declared to have been established—we quote from the official announcement—in order "to resist the encroachments of the various bodies who occupy themselves in interfering with the sports and recreations of the people." In this view its main endeavours will be:—

1. To influence public opinion, without regard to party politics, in the interests of sport, so as to enable the people to amuse themselves in future without molestation.

2. To promote any alterations of law that may be necessary for the better protection of sports and pastimes.

3. To take up and defend any actions that the council may consider important as test cases.

4. To discourage all malpractices in connection with sport, and to raise its tone wherever necessary.

5. Generally to do whatever may from time to time seem advisable for counteracting the

PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF "FADDISTS."

The league apparently meditates vigorous action. "It is especially to be remembered (proceeds the official announcement) "that an important object of enrolling members of the league is to procure local organisation in accordance with electoral districts. The signatories and those chiefly interested in the cause are requested, in each locality, to communicate with one another with a view to collecting all the members available for their electoral constituency." Still, the prime movers in the movement are anxious to show that the organisation has no political purpose associated with it. "It is to be distinctly understood"—it is a second time declared in the official announcement—"that the Sporting League is absolutely independent of all political parties, and that members will vote and exercise their influence genuinely for the objects of the league."

The General Council of the new body includes, we are told, "400 leading representatives of various sports and games." Among those published are the following: The Earl of Durham, Lord Hawke, the Earl of March, Lord Rendlesham, Sir John Thursby, Sir Augustus Harris, Dr. W. G. Grace, Major E. R. Owen, Major St. Leger Moore, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Lonsdale, Earl Howe, Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., Lord Marcus Beresford, Col. J. T. North, Mr. Guy Nickalls, Mr. H. H. Hungerford, Col. John A. Cowen, Col. W. H. Roberts, R.T.Y.C., Mr. Arthur Coventry, and Mr. G. H. Vize (president of the Amateur Boxing Association).

JOE THOMPSON.

The Bookmaker who Made a Small Fortune over Indian Queen.

(With Portrait.)

FEW people were on the winner over the Cambridgeshire, and those who were fortunate enough to cast their fortunes over Indian Queen were well rewarded. Joe Thompson was a firm believer in the filly, and holding her out he laid good prices against all the other starters. As a result he reaped a small fortune through the venture, and is now congratulated on all sides because of his good judgment. A sketch of Joseph Thompson will doubtless prove interesting reading to the sportsmen of the United Kingdom. He was born in London 56 years ago, and when 16 years of age he went to sea, before the mast, to serve a five years' apprenticeship. A sailors' life was not one to be envied, as Joe soon realised, and when the craft had reached Sandwich, a district of Melbourne, Australia, he got into a cask and, with the aid of friends, the head was put in and then thrown overboard. It tossed about for many hours, when it was brought ashore by natives, who at once set to work to knock the head in and secure the treasure which the barrel contained. When the head popped in Joe popped out, and at once drifted into the city of Melbourne to seek his fortune. The country was sparsely settled, and sports of every description in their infancy. It was not long ere Joe turned his attention to sporting, and was soon before the public as a bookmaker. By making a broad book he got an abundance of patronage, and developed into the prince of colonial pencillers. Through good judgment he soon accumulated a fortune which was roughly estimated at £100,000. He induced his younger brothers, Barney, "Phin," and Jack, to take up residence in the colonies, and the quartet, though each making a separate book, were regarded as thoroughly reliable men. Joe and Barney made Melbourne their headquarters, whilst Phin and Jack "pitched their tents" in Sydney. All the Australian oarsmen of recent years were brought into prominence through the Thompson family, who were never afraid to risk plenty of cash on their choice. Jack developed James Stansbury with a champion some three years ago. He is the only male member of the family who is dead. Phin remains in Sydney; Barney and Joe came here some three years ago, the former making a book on the course, whilst Joe indulged in a pleasure trip to the States. While there Joe was associated with Ike Thompson, who probably makes the most liberal book on the American racecourse. Though Joe and Ike are in no way related to each other, they were inseparable when in the United States.

The illness of Mrs. Joe Thompson prompted Joe to return to London, which city he will now make his future home.

IN A PROGRESSIVE AGE.

CYCLEDOM is advancing. At Ludgate Circus many pedestrians were astonished to see a cycle-cab, apparently plying for hire. It looked very much like a dignified Bath chair, and the driver bestrode the iron wheels in front of it ready for all emergencies. The cab, like an ordinary hansom, could be closed against the weather, and the jehu was provided with a badge and number. The whip-plying cabmen—as is their wont—did not spare remarks. "Don't he want his nose-bag on?" cried one; and another shouted, "Won't he shy at the first steam-roller!" But, like the Sphinx, the cycleman remained apparently unconscious of all his brethren's jeering speeches.

If the cycle-cab "takes on," everyone in the City must hope that the drivers will be more careful than was Mr. Sydney Wickham, who was summoned to the Guildhall for furiously riding a bicycle in Fleet Street. The young gentleman first cannoned off an unoffending pedestrian near the corner of Fetter Lane, but told him he had not time to stop to see whether he was injured, as he was rather late. Next he ran down a man at the end of Chancery Lane, and was then summoned by a constable. His defence was that the others were to blame for impeding his career by attempting to cross the road when they saw him coming; and this, too, while he was on the wrong side! Mr. Alderman Newton remarked that people who attempted to ride bicycles in the City at all in the daytime were devoid of commonsense. With this general observation he ordered Mr. Wickham to pay 40s. and costs in each case, making a total of four guineas, which was at once paid. The alderman also remarked that the defendant ought to compensate the person who was injured, but that was a matter for another court.

— That George Corfield and Alf Gower were appearing last week at the Alhambra, Derby.

* * *

— That Jumper Howe and Charley Beadling meet at Newcastle, November 12.

* * *

— That Ted Pritchard is in training at Rumfield, near Ramsgate.

* * *

— That Prof. Butler will probably produce a 10st 2lb Yankee to take on Tom Williams, of Aldershot, in a twenty-round fight for a purse.

* * *

— That Jim Gough and Alf Bickerton are to fight at 8st 6lb, the best of fifteen rounds at Birmingham, for £25 a-side.

* * *

— That Tom Burrows wants to arrange an Endurance Club Swinging Match.

* * *

— That a silver belt and £20 will be offered for a 7st 4lb competition, to be decided at the Kilburn Gymnasium, commencing November 29.

* * *

— That Charley Tilley wants to visit the States in search of a match for a purse.

* * *

— That Arthur Callan will shortly be tendered a well-deserved benefit at Wood Green. Callan is a thorough game 'un, and a clever, unassuming young man.

* * *

— That Ted Pritchard's friends declare that he will accommodate Frank Craig after he is done with Dick Burge.

* * *

— That Harry Spurden is in the field for a fight with any 9st man in the world.

* * *

— That Arthur Valentine is appearing at the Eden Theatre of Varieties in conjunction with Alf. Suffolk.

* * *

— That Peter Jackson comes here as plain Peter, and no champion of the world attached to his name. He can, however, put down any of the champions.

* * *

— That Jackson and F. P. Slavin will probably meet in the ring before Christmas.

* * *

— That Mrs. Lily Langtry, the actress, through her counsel, has begun suit in the Circuit Court at Patternon, N. J., to recover her car Lodee, which is held by the New Jersey Car Works at Lake View.

* * *

— That there is not likely to be a fight between Young Griffo and Joe Walcott. Griffo declares that he is not in the coloured man's class.

* * *

— That Dan Creedon, who was recently beaten by Bob Fitzsimmons, is about to be matched to fight Ed. Smith, of Denver.

* * *

— That Jack M'Auliffe is to fight ten rounds with Owen Zeigler near New York, November 19, for a purse of £300.

* * *

— That "Wag" Harding has posted a £50 forfeit in support of a challenge to row Tom Sullivan over the Tyne championship course for £200 and the Challenge Cup.

* * *

— That Billy Edwards, the retired pugilist who is employed at the Hoffman House in New York, is said to have acted as stakeholder for fully 5,000,000 dollars in wagers during the past twenty years.

THE EMPIRE.

Enthusiastic Proceedings at the Reopening.

Unprecedented Scenes.

On Saturday night the Empire was crowded from floor to ceiling with an enthusiastic audience. After the temporary closing its habitués appeared more than delighted to return to its ample dimensions, and scenes unparalleled in the annals of the historic building occurred throughout the evening. First occupants of the seats testified their pleasure in a series of British cheers which culminated in snatches of popular songs, of which "Rule Britannia" appeared to predominate over less popular national refrains. Songs gave place to exclamations, and the names of "Chant" and "Edwardes" were bandied about in a manner which must have astonished anyone unacquainted with the recent controversy. Comparative calm was obtained during the performance of "La Frolique" ballet, and during this lull it was interesting to note that the majority of the bars in the auditorium had been denuded of their contents. No fair Hebe stood behind the marble tables. No bright bottles ornamented the gilded shelves, and the hitherto well-patronised nooks had the appearance of dry and dreary wastes. At one or two counters coffee and cigarettes were mildly retailed, but the young ladies in possession were more occupied in directing the thirsty inquirers to the place where their wants could be supplied than in retailing either of the "C's."

THE FAMOUS PROMENADE

had also been shorn of much of its glory. Palms of luxuriant dimensions and lounges filled much of the space, and even the august Mrs. Chant would have sought in vain for any objectionable element in the well-conducted and appointed theatre. At the finish of the ballet the enthusiasm broke out with renewed vigour. Artists, mistaking the objects of the applause, appeared time and again to bow their acknowledgments; never had they taken so many "calls" before. The cry of "Edwardes," however, became too pronounced to be mistaken, and matters for a time came to a standstill. The house was given over to the shouting of the audience, who yelled itself hoarse in endeavour to hear the voice of the popular manager. But he came not. Mr. Eugene Stratton was sent on to calm the turbulents, but even he was refused a hearing. The charms of "Sue" had no attractions this evening, and after a futile endeavour to make himself heard the singer good-humouredly danced off. At this stage the announcement was made that Mr. Edwardes was not in the house. A promise that he would appear later pacified the audience and the programme was, for a time, allowed to pursue its normal course.

A RENEWAL OF THE OUTBURST

came after the second ballet, "On Brighton Pier," and Mr. Edwardes ultimately stepped in front of the curtain. His appearance was rapturously hailed, and as a finale to the reception three hearty cheers were accorded him by an upstanding audience. Silence at last being restored, the managing director briefly observed, "One word, ladies and gentlemen, and that is to thank you. I am not allowed to say any more." His retirement was the signal for another outbreak, this time more enthusiastic, if possible, than ever. An ironical call for cheers for the London County Council was received with tremendous groans, and the names of the purists were similarly greeted. The name of Edwardes again becoming prominent, a certain portion of the audience tried to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," but their well-intentioned efforts were drowned in the clamours of the multitude. At this period excitement was intensified. Every person appeared possessed with a desire to address the audience, and one individual, unable to obtain a hearing, seized a stick and smashed one of the large pots in the promenade in which the palms were contained. This was the signal for

A REGULAR RIOT.

Other pots were smashed, and an attack commenced on the barricading which had been erected to separate the bars from the auditorium. The flimsy matchwood quickly disappeared under the onslaughts of the well-dressed mob, and a scramble ensued to take away pieces as mementoes of "The last night at the Empire," as they shouted. The active exertions of Mr. Slater and Mr. Hitchins were powerless to prevent the destructive intentions of the crowd, who in their mad career afterwards commenced to smash the globes. The crash of broken glass could be heard above the yells of the people in the upper galleries, and it appeared as if the whole building would be wrecked. The attentions of the crowd were fortunately diverted at this point to the chairing of Mr. Hitchins, and after cheering him round the promenade the reckless members left the building with hats bashed in, clothes torn, and generally presenting a very disreputable appearance. The more sober members of the audience contented themselves with hooting Mrs. Chant and cheering the Empire and its management, and thus ended a scene unprecedented in the annals of the London stage.

TURF NOTES.

LIVERPOOL, LINGFIELD, AND HURST PARK.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

THE STEWARDS' CUP.

THE GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP.

HURST PARK NOVEMBER HANDICAP.

WINNERS INDICATED.

FINALS.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

If associated with fine weather, a grand attendance will be seen on Friday when the numbers are hoisted for the runners in the Cup, but, from a numerical point of view, the field will not be so large as on the last occasion, when La Flèche carried her burden into first place. Many good judges firmly believe that Avington will be equal to doing the same thing, with 1lb more than that good, game mare carried, and his many friends have advanced him prominently in the early market quotations. The North country contingent appear likely to accord warm support to Street Singer, and not without good reason, for Shancrotha with Newcourt have cried content from the contest, leaving the five-year-old Kyle and his younger stable companion for duty. The recent form of the latter points to his being the better of the pair, and the distance will be to his liking. The same may be said of Portland, who, it will be remembered, won the Gatwick Handicap, having behind him Paddy, a stable companion, although not in the same interest; he also has since shown winning form when pitted against Insurance in their match. The handicapper has leniently treated Stowmarket, who was set a more difficult task in the Cambridgeshire with 8st 1lb. as compared with the 7st 3lb here. His two successes at Newmarket were so easily achieved that it is almost impossible to say within 7lb how good this son of Timothy is. The Hastings Plate was a three-lengths victory in his favour, and again in the Payne Stakes, St. Hilaire and King Charibert, who finished second and third respectively, could not get nearer than six lengths, so that on paper his chance is fully equal, if not better than many of his opponents. From Egerton very little danger can be expected; his Brighton success does not lead one to anticipate that he will repeat winning form, Juvenal, Bushey Park, John Morgan, and Best Man have all conceded weight to him, the latter as much as 44lb, on which occasion he could not gain place honours; therefore, for this event, he appears outclassed when presenting a dozen pounds to Bard of Avon, the bottom weight, who, when unnamed as the Avonwick colt, scored in the Salisbury Cup, and coming from a stable which secured the Autumn Cup in '91 with Madame d'Albany no mistake should be made. Gough will Pilot the colt, so that a bold front may be expected to be shown, and thus retrieve the Aborigine display of last season. In making a final selection, Stowmarket will win, and the two remaining situations should be occupied by Street Singer and Bard of Avon. To-day an early start must be effected to bring the day's racing to a close, for the seven events set for decision will fully take up the time with their promised good fields ere darkness sets in. The amount at stake in the Breeders' Produce Stakes will not in any way detract from the interest which will be evinced for the candidates in the Stewards' Cup, which is sure to evoke the speculative spirit of those interested in the different candidates, and not the least prominent of these will be found to be El Diablo, who may find the six furlongs considerebly more to his liking than the recent mile undertakings to which he has been subjected. In this class of contest Jewitt invariably succeeds; his solitary entry, Perigord, did nothing as a three-year-old in the way of a winning bracket, and this season has yet to make us acquainted with him on the course, but the handicapper has not allowed this son of St. Simon to fall beside the discarded candidate Soult, who figures at the tail end of the weights. Respect is paid to his two-year-old form, and also that of his Hunt Cup outing, won by Amandier. Having taken part in the Two Thousand of his year, he is certainly well in, but how good he may be at present is, I think, only known to his trainer, but if seen at the post will not be lacking friends. Over this distance Arcano is particularly smart, and one need not refer to the easy style in which Cabin Boy disposed of the opposition in the Compton Welter at Northampton to point to his being in good form, which is largely in his favour in what might be termed a somewhat mixed company. Of Flare Up a quiet hint has been dropped to be careful of this one; he is certainly speedy, but he has other engagements to fulfil; still, he would be worthy of an investment if sent for duty. Arcano, Cabin Boy, and El Diablo at present appear best, and one should win. The Great Lancashire Handicap on Saturday will sustain the interest right up to the close of the meeting, for what with the Jolliffe Steeplechase and a hurdle plate for three-year-olds it will certainly partake of the variety show, not the least of which will be the Downe Nursery, where Rubers-law and The Rush may appear to advantage.

The Lingfield executive will find the six events sufficient attraction for visitors on Thursday. Considering no important stake will be run for either to-day or Friday, fields will be fully up to the average.

In the November Nursery, Pot Boy, Pyjama, and Spoil appear to have chances. The Voyage, who has not been seen out for some time, was early in the year thrice successful in catching the judge's eye, and appears to possess a promising chance for this event. The Chellows Plate should fall to Mocanna or Philology, and Rohilla or Knight of Rhodes the Club Welter, and on Friday, in the Wilderwick Welter, Maffio and Watch Tower. Andacaba's penalty must to some extent interfere with his prospect in the Maiden Plate, which Newsmonger looks like securing. Hurst Park, which has always been such a popular fixture, will bring out some of the better class in the different stakes, as Paddy, Kilsallaghan and Victor Wild, who at two miles is considered the equal of Bushey Park, to whom he is presenting the difference in age; it may be too far for the Hunt Cup winner, but if found at the post should not be allowed to run loose. If Paddy is chosen in preference to his stable-companion Portland, he should be near the winner, and I shall select the first of these two, with Kilsallaghan and Insurance to furnish the first three. The remainder of the selections may with a run result as under:—

LIVERPOOL.

THURSDAY.

Valentine Steeplechase,
Oxton or Leadenhall.

November Hurdle Handicap,
Fetlar.

Stewards' Cup,

El Diablo	... ...	1
Flare Up	... ...	2
Joyful	... ...	3

Breeders' Produce Stakes,
Galeottia or Utica.

LINGFIELD.

Chellows Plate,
Mocanna.

November Nursery,
Recorder or Rainey.

The Club Open Welter,
Rohilla.

The Rustic Maiden Plate,
Dorothy Hive.

LIVERPOOL.

FRIDAY.

The Liverpool Nursery Stakes,
Beau Brocade or Ariette.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

Stowmarket	...	1
Street Singer	...	2
Portland	... ...	3

The Warbreck Welter,
Warrington.

The Aintree Steeplechase,
Nelly Gray.

LINGFIELD.

Two Miles Handicap,
Seville or Sacristy.

The Wilderwick Welter,
Maffio.

A Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate,
Newsmonger.

LIVERPOOL.

SATURDAY.

The Duchy Plate,
Telescope.

The Three-Year-Old Hurdle Plate,
Comic Opera or Prince Hal.

The Great Lancashire Handicap,

Dornroschen	..	1
Court Ball	..	2
Pitcher	.. ...	3

The Downe Nursery,
The Rush.

The Jolliffe Steeplechase,
Warren Hastings.

HURST PARK.

The Stewards' Nursery,
Bolero.

The Saturday Handicap Plate,
Be Cannie or Blankney.

The November Handicap,

Kilsallaghan	..	1
Paddy	... ...	2
Insurance	...	3

The Mile Plate,
King Schœneus.

The Scurry Nursery,
Timid.

CHALK.

RESURRECTED THE DEAD.

A Supposed Corpse is Brought to Life by the Aid of Electricity.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Rather a curious incident was brought to light in a suburb of Paris a short time back. A citizen to all appearances was dead, and placed into a coffin. The physician who attended him had doubts of his death, and concluded to try several experiments. So that on the eve of the burial he entered the death chamber and applied an electric current, and inhaled air into the corpse. After toiling for upwards of an hour the corpse showed signs of life. The fingers and lips twitched slightly, and that encouraged the physician, so that he renewed his efforts, and soon had the supposed dead back to life. Though he was unable to speak for some little time, he was assisted into a chair, and sat upright as the family entered, completely dumbfounded over the proceeding. On diagnosing the case it was shown that the victim, who had been subject to fits, had gone into a trance. It is safe to say that when he again lapses into silence his body will be kept until it approaches an advanced state of decomposition before it is interred.

HE RAISED CAIN AT A BANQUET.

A Guest at the Banquet Table, through Jealousy, Creates a Riot Amongst the Gathering.

(Subject of Illustration.)

When a girl jilts a man possessing a jealous disposition she must expect trouble when she sports another lover into the same room where the jilted one is. An illustration of this was clearly demonstrated a short time since at a banquet given by a social club at a hotel close to one of our prominent seashore resorts. The party was comfortably seated, and partaking of the delicacies placed before them, when the ire of the jilted one was aroused through a remark passed by the favoured one to the young lady sitting beside him. Without a word of warning the enraged guest jumped from his chair and hurled the plate containing food at the favoured lover, who tried to dodge the missiles. The other guests scampered off, and had it not been for the timely arrival of the proprietor serious damage might have been the result.

JIM WILLIAMS.

A Marylebone Lad who has Won Several Competitions.

(With Portrait.)

Jim Williams, of Marylebone, though yet in his teens, has scored several victories in boxing competitions. He was born May 1, 1876, stands 5ft 4in tall, and fights at about 7st.

His career is as follows: Beat Bill Davis, two rounds; won 6st 4lb competition; beat Tom Wheeler, four rounds; beat Jim Collins, seven rounds; draw, four rounds, with Jack Maloney; beat George Fowler, four rounds; beat T. Hughes, two rounds; beat Tom O'Grady, four rounds; received forfeit from H. Munro, Hackney; won 7st championship competition at Leeds; beat Jumbo Patch, six rounds; won 6st 10lb competition at Kilburn Gymnasium.

Williams is a clever two-hand fighter, and in competitions has put down such lads as Ted Beach, Tom Smith, Dick Player, Tom Pearson, Tom Sexton, George Murray, and Bandy Chambers. He can give and take a lot of punishment.

The gentlemanly burglar raised his hat in the dim, uncertain light of his dark lantern.

"Make no outcry," he whispered.

The woman with the strong face glared.

"What do you take me for?" she demanded.

"Pray, calm yourself, madam," urged the marauder, affably. "I assure you we have no design of taking you."

Filling a few sacks with silverware he made his adieu.

PETER JACKSON.

The Coloured Heavy-Weight Champion of the World, whom Corbett Declined to Meet on Fair Terms.

(With Portrait.)

That clever and gentlemanly heavy-weight champion Peter Jackson has at last arrived in London, after an absence of fifteen months. He reached Southampton, October 31, from the West Indies, on the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamer Orinoco, and at once proceeded to London, where he was met by several intimate friends.

Speaking of his visit to the West Indies, he said: "When I arrived at St. Croix I was dumbfounded over the changes that have taken place since I left for Australia. Mother, father, and myself emigrated to Australia when I was six years of age. I seemed to take a liking for Australia, but mother and father became homesick, and in a couple of years returned home. They are now dead. My brother and two sisters, both of whom are married and well to do, expected me, and were at the landing to meet me. That was the first time in my life that I ever saw them. I have not given any attention to pugilism since I left New York. The only information which I have received about the Ring is from the American papers that came to the West Indies by the steamers. I read with much interest Fitzsimmons's desire to fight Corbett. Since the champion has seen fit to disregard me, I hope he will be wise and act judiciously by consenting to meet Bob. It will be demanded by the public, I'm sure, eventually. It would not be policy for me to say who will win. It will be a rattling, stubborn mill, and be worth going a long way to see. Isn't it strange that Corbett should refuse to fight me? Do you think I deserve the treatment which he gave me while I was in New York? I am still having lots of fun over that Sioux City Athletic Club scheme. It was nipped in the bud. I don't see how he could assume to allow himself to be identified with such a scheme. Well, he probably knows what he is doing. I will probably fight Paddy Slavin or some good man in England. Corbett says I am a broken-down fighter, and as Slavin is one also I have no right to meet anyone else but him—have I? I never felt better in my life than I do now. I weigh over 220lb, and am still gaining. I do a little work once in a while, just to keep in sorts. If nothing happens I will be in New York by next January. As far as I'm concerned, I don't care if I never fight again. I was anxious for a match with Corbett, but it seems this will never come about, though as far as regards American sportsmen generally I have nothing but good words to say." Speaking of recent boxing news, Peter expressed his pleasure at hearing of the Coffee Cooler's success over O'Brien, and regretted that he was unable to be present at the contest.

After Jackson's arrival Slavin expressed himself as follows:—"Seeing that Peter Jackson has arrived in this country I wish to make him a fair and reasonable offer. I will box him ten or twenty rounds, for £500 or £1,000 a-side, in four weeks' time, at the Central Hall, Holborn. I am unable to box him later, as I depart in six weeks for South Africa. I intended to leave England earlier, but seeing Jackson is on the spot, and here with my reputation, I want to try and get it from him. If the stake I have mentioned is too small, Jackson can name the amount of money he wishes to box for, and he can be accommodated."

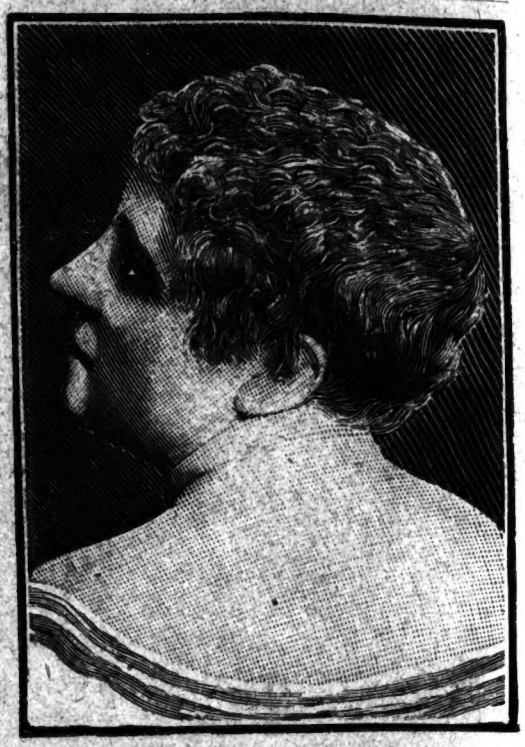
Jackson, in response to Slavin, states that when the proper time arrives he will talk business, but for the present he prefers to have a look around and call upon old friends. A review of his career will no doubt be of interest to our readers; hence we give it as follows:

He fought drawn battles with Jim Corbett (sixty-one rounds), Joe Goddard (eight rounds), William Farnham (six rounds), and Joe Hayes. His only defeat was by William Farnham in Melbourne, Aus. (three rounds). His victories are as follows:—

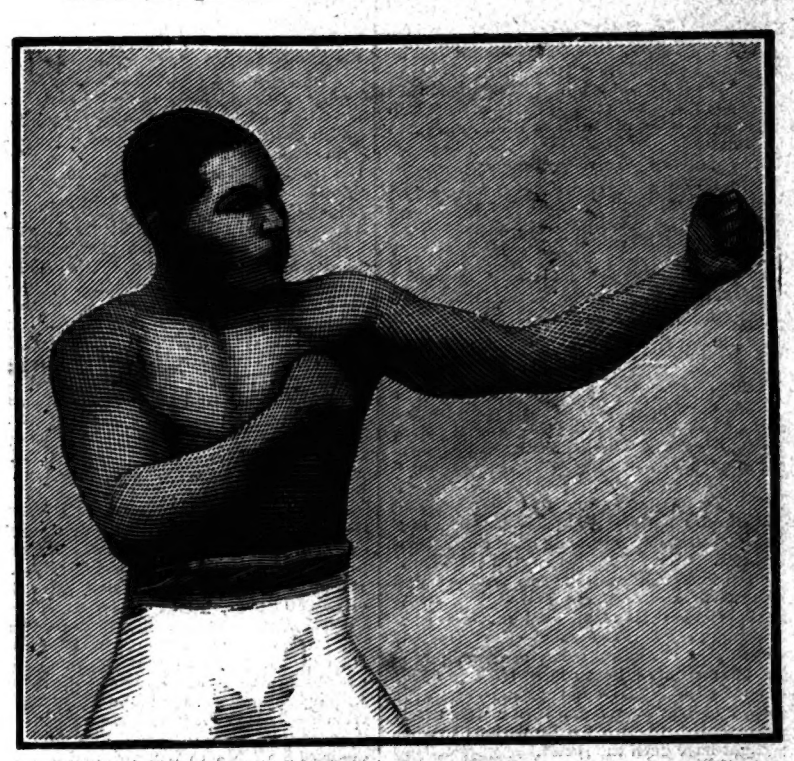
Opponent and place.	Rounds.	Year.
Joe Hayes, Australia	7	1883
Sam Britton, Australia	5	1883
Mick Dooley, Australia	3	1885
Tom Lees, Australia	13	1886
Geo. Godfrey, San Francisco	19	1888
Con Riordan, San Francisco	4	1888
Joe McAuliffe, San Francisco	24	1888
Patsey Cardiff, San Francisco	10	1889
"Sailor Brown," Chicago	3	1889
George Peters, Detroit	3	1889
Jack Fallon, New York	4	1889
Jack Watson, England	3	1889
Alf Mitchell, England	3	1889
Coddy Maddings, England	3	1889
Alf Ball, England	1	1889
Jem Young, England	3	1889
Jack Partridge, England	3	1889
W. Woodhams, England	3	1889
Jem Smith, England	2	1889
Peter Maher, Dublin	2	1889
John Dalton, Chicago	3	1890
Jack King, Chicago	3	1890
"Jocko" Brown, Washington	2	1890
James Walker, Washington	1	1890
Gypsey, Washington	3	1890
Gus Lambert, Cohocs	4	1890
Ed Smith, Chicago	5	1890
T. Johnson, California	4	1890
Frank Slavin, England	10	1892

ANNIE DUNBAR.
A Popular Comedienne and Footlight Favourite who Contemplates a Tour of the States.

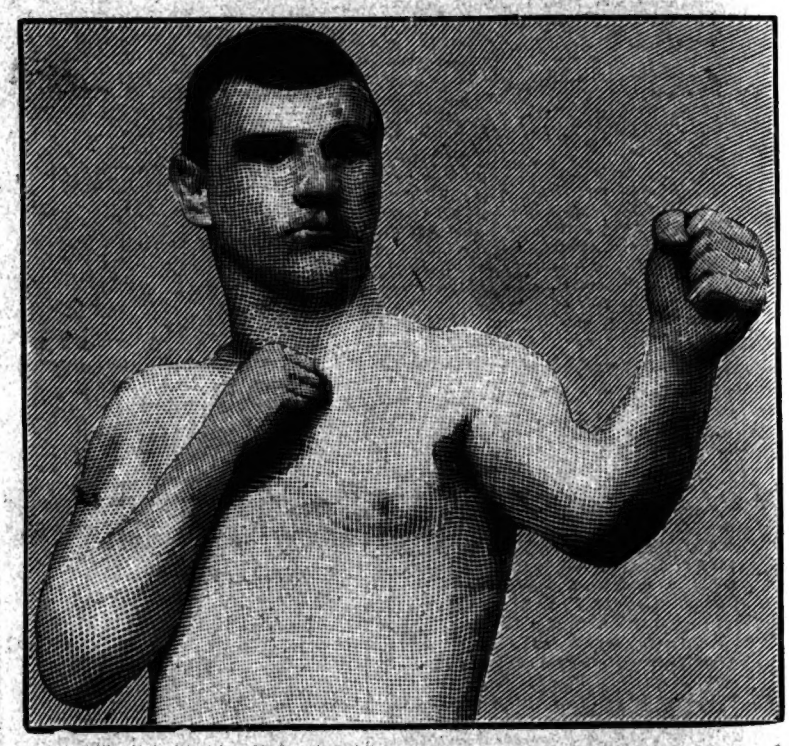
JOE THOMSON.
The Bookmaker who Made a Small Fortune over Indian Queen.



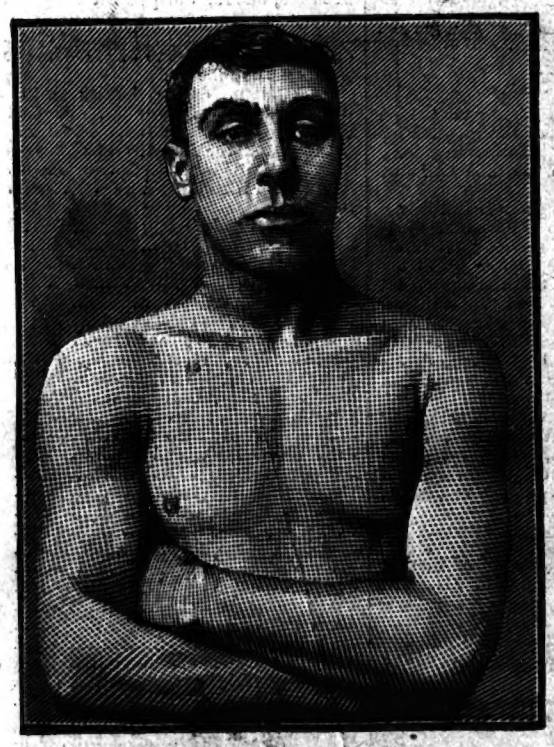
SELINA SEAFORTH.
A Woman who is Clever at Boxing.



JOE WALCOTT.
A Coloured 9st 7lb Pugilist who Challenges the World up to 10st.

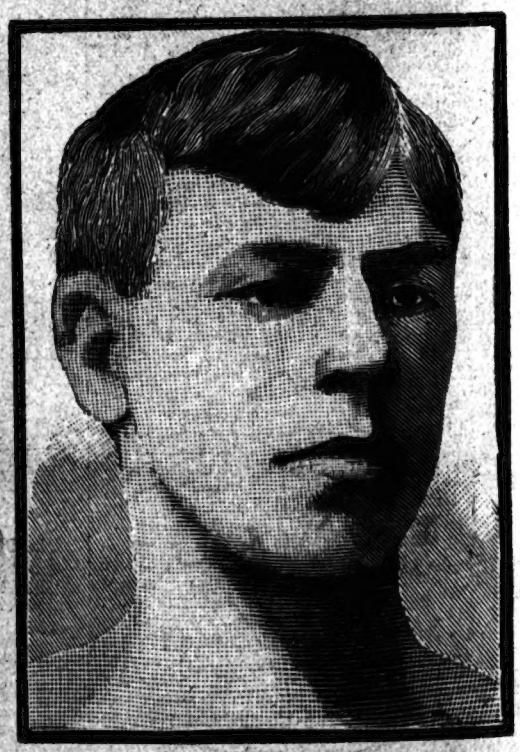


PUNCH VAUGHAN.
A Liverpool Pugilist who Manages the Malakoff Club.

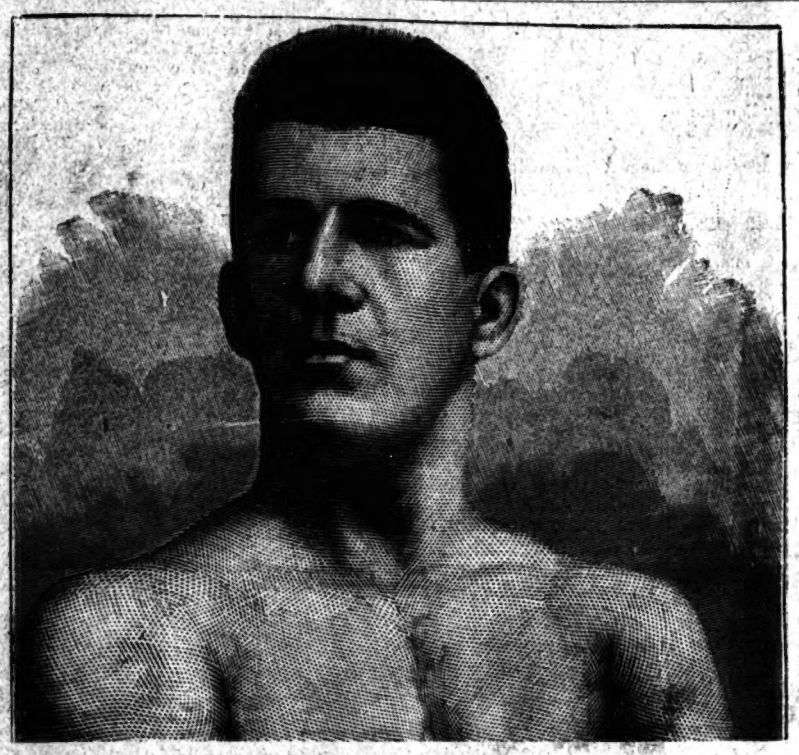


DARKEY BARTON.
A Battersea Pugilist who has Gained Ring Honours in the 9st Division.

J. HAMILTON CRAIG.
A London Publican who is the Husband of Annie Dunbar.

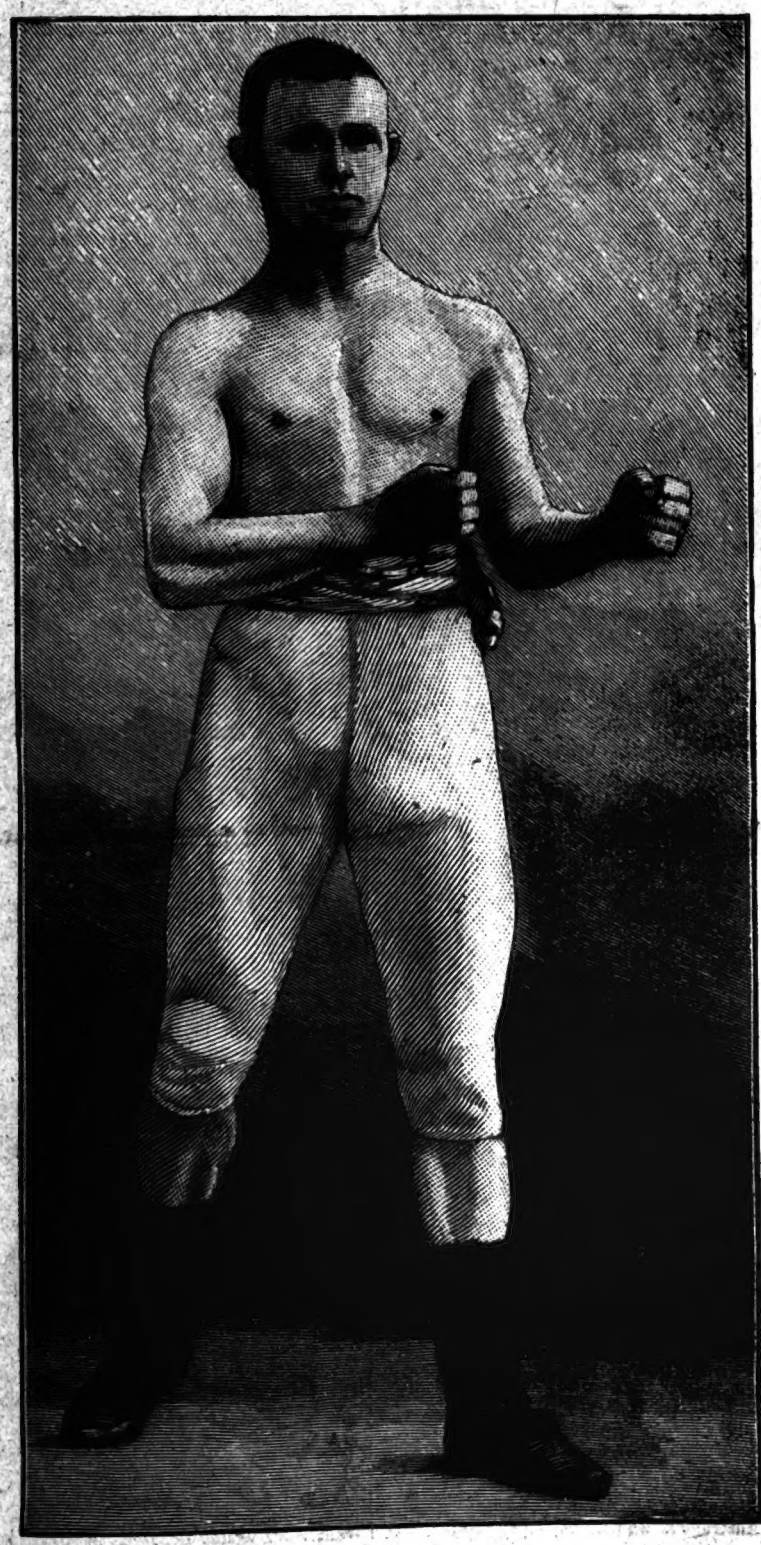


JIM WILLIAMS.
A Marylebone Lad who has Won Several Competitions.

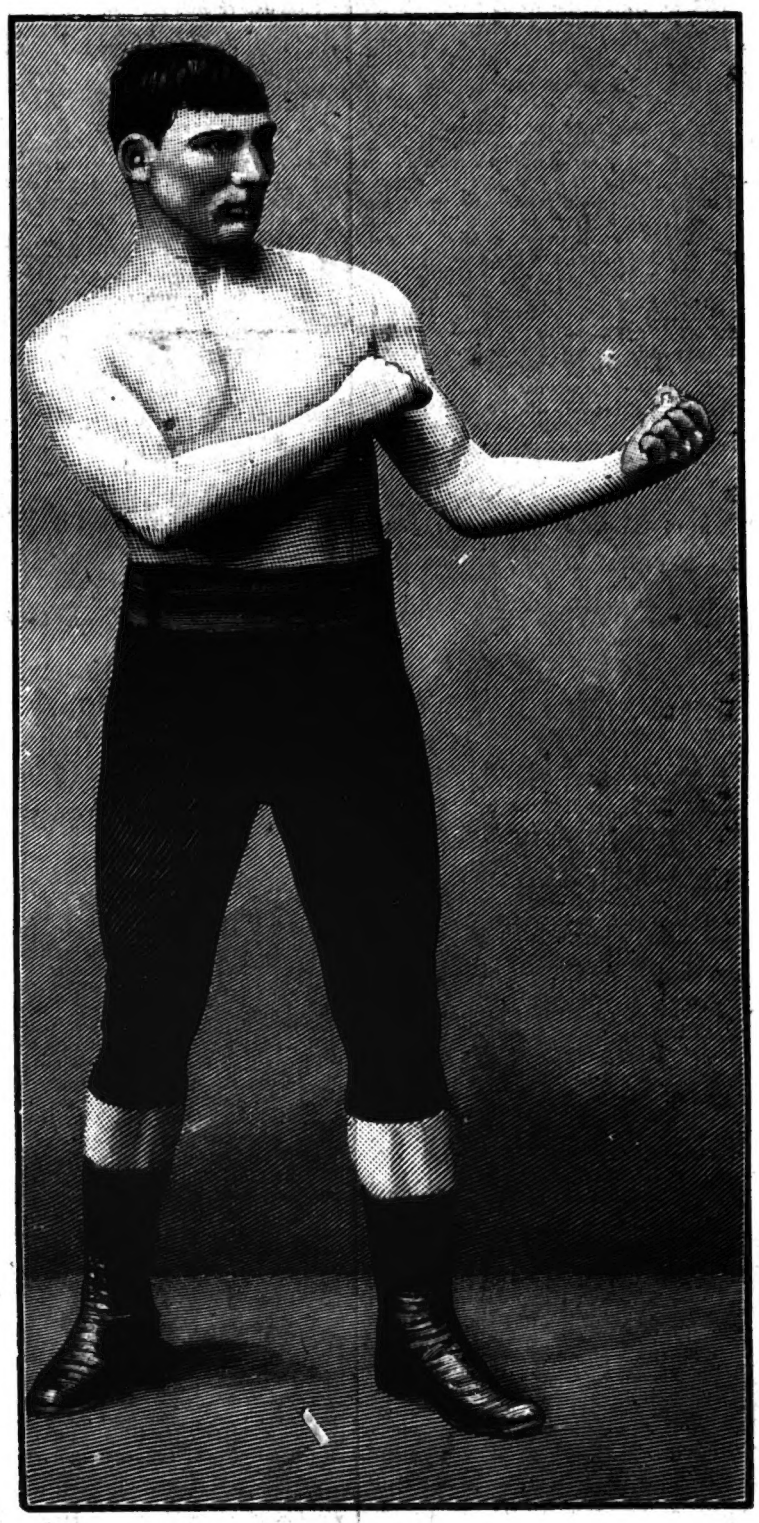


JAMES J. CORBETT.
Matched to Fight Bob Fitzsimmons in Florida, next July.

CHARLES MORRITT.
A Magician who is a Thorough Sportsman and Showman.



DICK BURGE.
The English 10st Champion who is to Box Ted Pritchard Ten Rounds.



TED PRITCHARD.
England's Representative Middle-Weight who is to Box Burge Ten Rounds, November 26.

Peter Jackson Arrives.

Craig Meets All Comers.

Cooler Successful at Knocking Out.

Death of Jem Dillon.

Spurden to 9st Men.

Who Will Williams Fight?

Lively Bouts in London.

Gossip of the Ring and Matches to be Decided.

PETER JACKSON, the coloured heavy-weight champion of the world, reached London in the best of health and spirits October 31. For the present he will devote his time to calling upon his old friends, and when the proper time arrives he will no doubt negotiate for a match with Frank Slavin. He visited the National Sporting Club November 1, and was entertained by C. W. Blacklock, Esq., Mr. John Fleming, and several prominent members. Peter is rather reticent as to his future movements, and has little to say about J. J. Corbett beyond stating that Corbett never meant fight from the time their match was first arranged. It is likely that Jackson will give a series of exhibitions in the principal cities throughout the United Kingdom before he returns to America. There is a possibility of his making this country his future home.

* * *

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, brought a successful engagement to a close at the Eden Theatre of Varieties, in Great Queen Street, Saturday, November 3. On Tuesday night John Donoghue, of Clerkenwell, aspired to earn the purse of gold by facing the coloured champion for four rounds. He proved to be a mere chopping-block for Craig, who knocked him out of time in 1min 55sec. Charley Bonnett, otherwise known as Black Jim, of Billingsgate, was the candidate for Wednesday night, and though he declared he would stand up the four rounds and fight, he displayed considerable artfulness by falling down every time Craig essayed to lead with either hand. He was on the floor or crouching down pretty much the entire time, and though Craig hunted him around the stage Bonnett would not stand up long enough to receive a single blow. Bonnett promised to take on the job Thursday night, but failed to turn up, and an unknown of Newmarket filled the gap Craig indulged in light sparring and feinting in the opening round, but when time was called for the second he went at his man and landed with both hands on the head, who went down like a shot, and being unable to come again Craig was given the verdict.

* * *

THE announcement that Craig would take on Tom Montgomery, a Birmingham heavy-weight, was the means of packing the Eden to suffocation on Friday night. Montgomery fought like a demon for the first round, and in the mix up made matters rather interesting for the Cooler, who appeared a trifle erratic in his delivery. He steadied down, however, in the second round, and when but one minute and fifteen seconds' time had expired Craig landed his right hand on the jaw. Montgomery fell senseless to the floor, and it was fully twenty minutes before he he could be brought to.

On Saturday he gave his usual musical entertainment, after which he was set the task of stopping J. Donoghue, of Holborn, in four rounds. He successfully accomplished this in the first by sending his man to the boards, who, failing to rise in the stipulated time, was counted out. On his return from Wales the "Cooler" will again appear at the above theatre, and take on all comers.

* * *

AT the Eden Theatre on Saturday the competitions were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. In the 9st semi-final G. Smith (Lambeth) beat Jack McCausland (Soho). The first named went for his man in rare style, but Jack was well on the premises, and it was not until the final round had been contested that Smith was enabled to take the lead. Bill Nolan sparred, and after some very heavy exchanges in the three round, Gregg, going a bit the faster, secured the verdict.

A six-round contest between Jack Roberts, Drury Lane, and Jack Stanley, of Brixton, resulted in a win for Roberts in the second round. Stanley is certainly a game fighter, but Roberts, who was cleverer than his opponent, was awarded the verdict by the referee, who stopped the contest. Tom Tully (the black) beat "Boy" Kennedy a bye, and later defeated G. Smith in the final; the first round was evenly contested, but gradually getting the best of his man he gained a popular award. In the 8st competition a good set-to was seen in the first round of the semi-final, but in the second R. Walters, of Kingsland, held out his hand in token of defeat, leaving F. Gregg, of Drury Lane, an easy winner, but the last-named found a tough customer in Bill Barrett in the final in a six-round contest after three even rounds had been disputed. In each of the succeeding bouts the black appeared to advantage, and at the finish the referee had no difficulty in giving him the verdict. Arthur Valentine sparred two smart rounds with Alf Suffolk, which brought a successful venture to a close.

* * *

ON Saturday night James Townsend was to have taken on Craig, but he came on the stage with his left arm done up in splints, and declared he was suffering from a broken arm. He announced that if his arm was all right he would not mind facing the Cooler for six rounds and have a side bet on the result, but it is safe to predict that no amount of money would induce the St. Luke's man to meet the Cooler. Townsend is credited by all sporting men with being decidedly faint-hearted, and the general impression prevailed at the Eden amongst the audience that his broken arm was merely a ruse to avoid being well thumped about the stage. In the absence of any other candidate T. Donahue came forward to attempt to earn the purse of gold offered by the management to any man who would stay four rounds. Craig put in two good hits and then floored Donahue. He quickly arose, however, only to receive a left-hander on the jaw which knocked him completely out of time.

* * *

"Ted Pritchard appears to be slow about responding to my challenge," said Frank Craig when he called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office the other day. "I suppose he is waiting to see how he gets along in his battle with Dick Burge. Let him defeat Burge and he will find me waiting for him. It was my express purpose when I left the States to seek a fight with Pritchard, and shall, therefore, allow no obstacle to remain in the way of consummating a match. I will sign articles for from £200 to £500 a side and an added purse. I would suggest the National Sporting Club as a suitable place to have the contest occur, and the last of December or early in January would suit me as a date. However, I will meet him half way, and shall advance only fair propositions when talking match. The middle-weight limit is 11st 4lb, and as my wish is to remain in that class, I should certainly ask for Pritchard to reduce himself to the class he claims to represent. I am satisfied to weigh in at the ring side, or as much as ten hours previous to entering the ring. I hope Pritchard will come to time."

* * *

THE Coffee Cooler, in company with Prof. Butler, visited South Wales on Sunday, and on reaching Cardiff in the evening he was met at the station by fully a thousand people, who accorded him a hearty reception. The pair were escorted to Barry's Temperance Hotel, and, after dining, they strolled through St. Mary Street. Before he had gone a great distance so many people flocked about Craig that the street was fairly blocked, and it was necessary for the coloured champion to return to the hotel in order to disperse the mob. On Monday morning he went to Pontypridd and in the afternoon gave an exhibition in Butcher's Yard. It was well attended, and Craig was enthusiastically received when he entered the ring with John O'Brien, the Welsh champion. It was indeed a clever spar, and the Coffee Cooler convinced those present that he was fairly entitled to rank amongst the very best of the middle-weights. He displayed remarkable activity, and made use of all parts of the ring, landing and retreating repeatedly without a return. Set-tos between David St. John, the Welsh giant, and Foster; Fred Isensee and Young Sullivan; Redman Coleman and Jack Collins; and Harrigan and the Corporal formed the introductory portion of the programme.

* * *

AFTER a brief stay at Jack Davis's Victoria Hotel, Craig and Butler returned to Cardiff, appearing at Colonial Hall in the evening, where the Coffee Cooler entertained a large audience in solos upon a mouth organ, executed a plantation dance, and boxed two rounds with O'Brien, afterwards winding up the show with Prof. Butler. Speaking of the last-named, the *Western Mail* of Cardiff says:—"Too much praise cannot be given to the last-mentioned gentleman, who, as master of the ceremonies, manœuvred the crowds both at Pontypridd and Cardiff in the most happy fashion. Craig expressed the utmost satisfaction with his reception in the district, and reiterated his intention of making a fortnight's tour through the Rhondda Valley in the near future." Craig left a good impression behind him in South Wales, and had the honour of being called upon by some of the best Welsh sportsmen, who were free in remarking that the Coffee Cooler, besides being a marvel as a fighter and mouth-organ performer, was every inch a gentleman. Mr. H. W. Wells, sporting editor of the *Western Mail*, conducted both exhibitions in an admirable manner.

Last Thursday Craig entertained Col. M. B. Fox and a staff of army officers in the new gymnasium at Aldershot, performing mouth organ solos, dancing in his eccentric style, and sparring a spirited bout with Professor Butler.

Jem Dillon.

one of the cleverest of the old school of ring pugilists, died at his residence, 8t. James's Road, Holloway, October 30, of dropsy. Thirty years ago he was one of the best in the kingdom at 9st 10lb. He was born at Armagh town, County Limerick, on March 10, 1838. He was 5ft 5¼in high. Dillon's first engagement of note was on February 21, 1860, when he beat Dooney Harris for £25 a-side in fifty-two rounds, occupying two hours and ten minutes. In the following June, the 28th, he met Smith, of Brighton, for a £25 purse, and proved successful after thirty-four heavy rounds had been contested, in one hour eighteen minutes. On January 7, 1862, Dillon and Mike Cocklin fought down the river for £25 a-side. Again fortune smiled on the subject of this notice, as at the end of one hour fifty-eight minutes, in which time forty-six rounds were gone through, Cocklin was unable to toe the scratch. Before the year was out, however, Dillon met with his first reverse. This occurred on December 9, when he faced that wonderfully good man Patsey Reardon for £100 a-side. The men fought in two rings for 3hr 11min, the referee deciding against Dillon, who failed to come up to time for the fifty-seventh round. On August 11, 1863, Dillon atoned for this defeat by whipping Bob Travers, the black. Travers and Dillon fought for £200 a-side, a big stake in those days, in two rings, at Twyford and Goring, and the darkey was not stopped until fifty-four rounds had been disputed, occupying 2hr 2min. Subsequently the principals and several others were indicted for committing a breach of the peace, and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment in Oxford Gaol. A second match was made between Dillon and Travers, but the first-named forfeited £72 10s. This proved the end of Dillon's career as a principal. Like many an old athlete, Dillon ran to flesh terribly, and his burly form was easily to be discerned on the racecourses, which he frequented a good deal after his retirement.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, the 9st champion of England, who is now located at Cambridge, desires to state that he is prepared to meet any man in the world at even weight for twenty rounds or more for £200 a-side and the best purse offered. Spurden has been troubled with an injured right arm for several months past, and believes it has recovered sufficiently to enable him to again participate in a battle. When he was unable to engage in any contest several of the pugilists challenged him to a meeting. Now that his arm has recovered its usefulness he hopes some aspirants to honour in the 9st class will come forward to take him on.

* * *

COCK ROBIN and Harry Nickless both express a desire to meet Tom Williams, the Australian, who is located at Aldershot, in a twenty-round glove contest. The Bolingbroke Club offers a purse of £200 for a meeting between Nickless and Williams. It is understood that Williams is anxious to arrange another match, and this will afford him an excellent opportunity to take on Nickless or Cock Robin, and decide who is the best man, because when he last met Robin, Williams claimed to have broken his arm, and the battle resulted in a draw. If he fought Cock Robin to a draw with a broken arm he should certainly come off a winner in a second meeting now that he professes to be in such a good condition.

JAMES BURKE, the Deaf 'Un, was only a "Jack-in-the-water," picking up a few coppers by assisting the watermen to push off or pull up their wherries. His father, who was a waterman at Strand Lane Stairs for many years, had died when Jem was very young, and the lad had struggled hard and succeeded in keeping his mother and himself. Without ever receiving any instruction, and possessing the disadvantage of being deaf, Jem's mode of expressing himself was not very refined, and he indulged in the use of plurals in a most impartial manner. Still his knowledge was extraordinary, and he was a keen observer of character. Like many deaf people he had a quiet humour, and when he uttered a witty remark his face remained inexpressive.

Young Burke's time was spent half on the river and half on dry land, and whenever the opportunity offered he would have the mittens on, receiving sound practical advice and instruction from his patron, Joe Parish. Finally an opportunity presented itself for Jem to show what he really was made of. Parish took young Jem to see his first prize fight. It was a mill between David Morgan and Sandy McBean. It was only a third-rate affair, and came off at Whetstone, near Barnet. The Deaf 'Un was delighted at the prospect of seeing a genuine prize fight, but it turned out to be such a miserable exhibition that even he was sadly disappointed.

It had lasted so short a time that the spectators concluded they had not witnessed enough sport for the trouble of the journey, and immediately subscribed a purse of fourteen pounds. Ned Murphy, who had been successful on several occasions, presented himself as a candidate for the purse. A hurried consultation took place between Joe Parish and Jem, and the Deaf 'Un stepped up to the ring side and shied his "castor." Murphy was so confident about being able to win that he looked upon it as a piece of impudent presumption of a boy to have the audacity to take the challenge, and openly stated as much. The Deaf 'Un, however, made such a show that it astonished his opponent and everybody present. They fought fifty rounds, and, as darkness was setting in, Murphy's seconds proposed a draw, and although Jem was eager to continue, he was persuaded to divide the fourteen sovs. The money was presented to the men on the same evening at the Spotted Dog, and the jolly young waterman was in ecstasies—not only at the praise he received, but at finding himself possessed of a greater amount of money than it had ever been his good fortune to handle before.

It proved to be the flood tide in the Deaf 'Un's affairs, and he ceased from that date to watch the ebb and flow of the Thames. He at once threw his heart and soul into the new life, and after fighting for a few more purses, all of which he won, he was matched for £25 a-side with Fitzmaurice; the mill took place at Harpenden Common in June, 1829. After 166 rounds had been fought the Deaf 'Un was hailed the winner. Shortly after this victory Burke became ruptured, necessitating the wearing of a truss. Notwithstanding the accident, he was matched against Bill Cousens. On this occasion he met with a reverse, after fighting 101 rounds in a little over two hours. This took place in August of the same year, and in the December he was again in the ring with a colossal countryman, named Girdler, whom he defeated. The Deaf 'Un then had an ambition to meet the twelve-stoners, but a difficulty arose about money, because none of the men in the front rank would fight for anything less than £100 or £200, and this amount Jem was unable to find. However, he managed to get matches on with Gow and Hampson,

both of whom he beat. He then defeated Tim Crawley, and was at once placed in the front rank among the big 'uns. He thought himself good enough to challenge all comers at 12st barring Jem Ward, and was taken on by Davis. The appointment was made for December 26, 1830, and the Deaf 'Un scored again.

Jem Burke's quick rise to fame had made him very popular; although he was then one of the heroes of the time, he never lost his eccentric, blunt style. He was never known to utter an oath or an offensive word to anyone, and had established the character of a good-natured, well-meaning fellow.

It is impossible to follow minutely through the other parts of his career—to tell how he saved the lives of two children at a fire in Essex Street, Strand, or record the many humane acts that were natural to his disposition. Neither is there space to more than allude to his combats with Blisset, the 14-stoner, a butcher, who was expected to avenge the defeat of Tom Hands, one of the Clare Market bulls; his speedy settlement with Jack Carter, and his difficult conquest over Macone, at Lackington Bottom, near Beverley. Jem Ward had at this period retired from the championship, and the Deaf 'Un felt that he could then meet all comers. He said the two men he should like to beat were Young Dutch Sam and Simon Byrne, for the reason, as Jem put it, one "becos he was so clevers," and the other "becos he was big enoughs." He had one of his wishes, and met Simon Byrne. After a protracted fight Jem won. Poor Byrne was so much punished that he survived only a few days; Burke was tried for manslaughter, but ultimately acquitted.

In September, 1833, the Deaf 'Un persisted in his claim to the championship, but Jem Ward refused to admit it, and offered to stake £500. He would fight for nothing less. The Deaf 'Un was unable to find the money, and was so upset over the affair that he stated he would fight for the honour of the thing or was ready to stake £200. It was then resolved at a meeting of all the principal pugilists of the day, together with the most liberal supporters of the Ring, that the maximum stake at which the champion of England must be compelled to accept a challenge should be £200. Jem, finding it difficult to make a match, took a trip to America. When he returned he was certainly not improved in habits or physique. He then made a journey to France, which still further helped to deteriorate him. It was in 1838 that he found himself once more in England, and in 1839 he fought Bendigo for the championship and lost. In 1840 the Nottingham man met with an accident, and the Deaf 'Un again sought to recover the lost title, sending forth another challenge. This was picked up by Nick Ward, who also defeated Jem, and convinced everybody that Burke's day was over.

Poor Jem was terribly cut up at this, and plunged further into dissipation. He was to be found at night houses in the Haymarket leading a dissolute life. It was here that he met Bob Castles, had a quarrel with him, and arranged a fight, which he won. It was a fierce combat, but it was the last flickering light of poor Jem. The seeds of dissipation that had been sown in the society of his so-called swell friends were then bearing the bitter fruit, and the Deaf 'Un, although never losing his individuality of character, gradually sank in the social scale and was forgotten by all but Joe Parish, who had then left the Spotted Dog and was installed as mine host of the Lion, at the corner of Newcastle Street. He stuck to him, and such men as Tom Spring, and many others of the true sort, gave him a helping hand. Jem, however, never rallied, and as he became a shadow of his former self, and persisted in drinking, consumption set in, and he died in Francis Street, Waterloo Road, on January 8, 1845.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT and Charley Gehring were contestants in a glove fight at Baltimore, U.S.A., October 30, for the gate receipts. Abbott had matters pretty much his own way, and knocked Gehring out at the beginning of the third round.

* * *

STEVE SMITH and Charley Tilley will in all probability arrange a match to box twenty rounds for a purse.

* * *

HARRY WEBSTER, of Kentish Town, expresses a willingness to fight any man in England twenty rounds, at 9st 10lb, for £25 or £50 a-side and the best purse offered.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS are being made with a view to tendering a benefit to Arthur Callan on November 22, at the Assembly Rooms, King's Arms, Wood Green. A first-class variety entertainment will be given, and in the wind-up Callan will spar with his old antagonist, Jack Gover, of Edmonton. Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has promised to appear in solos on the mouth organ.

* * *

A TWENTY round glove fight between Bill Corbett, of London, and John Ryan, of St. Helens, was brought to a decision at Percy Cottage, Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 31. The men fought at 9st, give or take 2lb, for a purse of £50. Corbett was favourite in the betting, and in the opening rounds he fought in a careful manner, landing with both hands upon the body and head. Ryan was knocked down in the third round, and only saved from being knocked out by the call of time. He was knocked down again in the fourth round. He fought in a game and determined manner in the next eight rounds, and got in some very heavy blows with his right. In the fifteenth round, Corbett landed a right-hander on the neck which knocked him out of time. The fight was a one-sided one, Ryan being completely outclassed from start to finish.

* * *

THREE bouts of six rounds each were announced to form the programme of an entertainment given at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, November 1. In the first battle, George Winters had all the best of Ginger Elliot, and during the stipulated number of rounds was declared the winner. Albert Green, of Finsbury, and H. Lane, of Bermondsey, were pretty evenly matched as regards size, and it looked as though a good battle might be the result of their coming together. In several exchanges, however, Green put in a heavy hit on the stomach, which caused Lane to double up. He was unable to continue, and retired after but 1min 30sec of the first round had elapsed. Harry Edwards and Tom Hall, Shoreditch lads, indulged in some capital work. Edwards held the upper hand from start to finish, and received a well-deserved verdict.

* * *

W. HULLETT called at the MIRROR OF LIFE and requested us to state that he is not satisfied with the verdict at Newmarket in the recent bout with E. Pickard, and would be only too pleased to meet him again if a reasonable purse is offered. W. Hullett will have a side stake on the result. Albert Gould, of Bethnal Green, can be accommodated on the same terms.

* * *

A LITTLE difference happening between a couple of well-known men in the vicinity of the Manchester wholesale fish market, they decided to settle it with the knuckles, and have a substantial bet on the result. They accordingly proceeded to Moston, where the ring was pitched, and the seconds being in readiness, the men peeled, and got to work. The first round was very severe, one of them receiving a heavy punch, which floored him. In the second round both were badly punished about the face and ribs, and bore evident traces of each other's earnestness. As they were going up for the third round a constable was in view, so the traps were collected, and they all got clear with the exception of William Sims, a fish dealer, who was arrested. Sims was before the Court the other day charged with aiding and abetting at a prize fight, and a fine of 21s. and costs was imposed. Sims said he was there only as a spectator. The affair created considerable excitement, as the pitch was quite close to a thickly populated neighbourhood.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT recently boxed four rounds with Owen Ziegler at Philadelphia, and was bested by the local man. A Philadelphian says: "Abbott did not seem to be able to exert himself, and acted as though he was frozen. He was very fat, too." Abbott has not covered himself with a great deal of fighting glory of late, and it would not surprise anyone if he returned to England. If he did he could have business on hand at once with Martin Denny, who, by the way, is on the eve of returning to this country."

* * *

THE first smoking concert of the season was held at the National Sporting Club, November 1. Mr. Sydney Jousiffe presided. Several well-known artists appeared, and rendered an excellent programme.

* * *

PROF. DENNY BUTLER, who is here in the interests of Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, offers to pit a man against Tom Williams for a twenty-round contest to take place at the National Sporting Club the latter part of December, providing a suitable purse is offered and reasonable expenses allowed for the Yankee to come to this country. Butler suggests that the match be at 10st 2lb, and weigh in at two o'clock on the day of the fight.

* * *

ARTHUR VALENTINE, conceded to be the best man in England at 9st 6lb, contemplates a visit to the States with a view to arranging a fight with some of the Yankee lightweights. He states, however, that he would remain here providing a foreigner will consent to a fight in London, and a liberal purse would be forthcoming from one of the clubs.

* * *

THE City Boxing Club of Sheffield gave its initial show on November 1. In the first bout, one of four rounds, between two 7st lads, F. Flowers and J. Daley, a draw resulted, whilst in the second, of six rounds, between Ted Ward, 8st 6lb, and C. Mellors, 8st 10lb, both of Sheffield, Mellors received the award. The third was between young Tom Cowen, 8st, and G. Mellors, 8st, both of Sheffield. Cowen had the upper hand throughout, and won easily. The fourth contest was between young Walker, 7st 6lb, and W. Flowers, 7st 6lb, both of Sheffield. In the first round Flowers was by far the trickiest, but half-way through the second round Walker landed the left fair on the mark, and Flowers went down, to be counted out.

AT the King's Arms, Waltham Abbey, the other night, Arthur Spillett succumbed to Bill West in the fifth round of an eight-round contest, whilst Spikey Kilham knocked Alf Greer out in the fifth round of a six-round battle.

* * *

THREE contests were decided at the Hall of Science, Old Street, November 1. W. Hall and Jem Clapham were to box the best of ten rounds, but Hall fought his opponent in such a determined manner that Clapham quit at the end of the fourth round. J. Spence found a clever customer in W. Scott, and after the eight rounds had been boxed through Scott was given the verdict. A twelve-round battle between C. Monahan and A. Moore was announced as the closing bout. Monahan set about his man during the early rounds, and forced him to retire just as time was called at the end of the eighth round.

* * *

ARTHUR BOBBETT expresses himself prepared to fight any man in England at 11st 8lb, providing a suitable purse is offered by a reliable club.

* * *

WALTER EDGERTON, the "Kentucky Rosebud," who leaped into fame by almost putting George Dixon to sleep in Philadelphia, has refused to make a match with "Starlight," the Australian feather-weight pugilist, notwithstanding the fact that the latter offered to bet 2,500 dollars he could best him.

* * *

AT the Fountain Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, recently, Johnny Van Heest defeated Mike Gillespie in one round. The police stopped the bout to save Gillespie from a knock-out. The second bout, between Mike Connelly, the Ithaca giant, and Con Riley, of Middletown, Ohio, was also stopped by the police. Connelly was awarded the winner's share of the purse on a foul.

* * *

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, states that he has made no arrangements to box with Joe Steers at Central Hall, Holborn, Saturday night. The coloured middle-weight champion is to appear with Professor Butler in three-round bouts, and declares that if Frank Hinde desires his services for the week it must be in accordance with the agreement made with Professor Butler. Advertising a meeting between Steers and the Coffee Cooler is therefore premature.

* * *

JACK GOVER, the clever light-weight who recently fought such a stubborn battle with Arthur Callan in France, is to be tendered a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Edmonton, November 15. He will spar three rounds with Arthur Valentine.

* * *

CHARLEY MITCHELL is stopping at Margate in order to build up his health. He has been quite ill during the past three weeks, and most of his time he has been unable to get out of bed. His physician ordered him to take absolute rest, and with that in view he has selected Margate.

* * *

BILL LANGFORD, the 6st 10lb champion, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office the other day and stated that he was prepared to arrange a match to fight Jack Maloney or any lad in the world at 6st 10lb for £100 a-side and an added purse. Langford suggests that in the event of Maloney signing articles for a contest, it shall occur at the National Sporting Club four or six weeks from signing articles, and either Mr. B. J. Angle or Mr. George Vize to act as referee.

* * *

E. PICKARD, of Hoxton, is open to box Jack Pearson, of Manchester, at 7st 4lb, twenty rounds, for £25 a-side, open to £50 and the National Sporting Club purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be immediately attended to.

* * *

CON BARRATT, not being satisfied with the verdict at the Central Hall, Holborn, in the 6st 10lb competition, will be only too pleased to meet Ted Beach, of West Green, if any club will put up a purse, or any lad of the same weight can be accommodated on same terms.

* * *

AT Liverpool, on Friday, November 2, the sports, to the number of sixteen, met at the Continental Boxing Club, Pembroke Street, to witness a match between two local amateurs whose respective weights were 12st 8lb and 9st 8lb. For four rounds matters were evenly contested, when the light-weight brought his right across, which sent his man to the boards and terminated the affair. The welfare of the combatants and visitors were attended to by the mentor of the club, J. W. Butler, who conducted the arrangements in a very satisfactory manner.

* * *

JOHN O'BRIEN, of Cardiff, talks of visiting America with a view to getting on a finish fight with Dan Creedon for a purse.

* * *

DAVID ST. JOHN, the Welsh Giant, wonders why Frank P. Slavin declines to meet him in a glove fight. Dave has £500 in backing to meet Slavin or any man in the world. He is but 22 years of age, and with proper tutoring should develop into a first-class heavy-weight.

* * *

REDMAN COLEMAN, of Merthyr, would like to hear from some of the 8st division. He prefers a fight with the raw 'uns for a substantial wager.

* * *

FRED ISENSEE, of Cardiff, late of America, challenges any lad in the kingdom at 8st 6lb for a purse. He recently polished off a promising light-weight at Cardiff in short order, and the Welshmen look upon him as a coming champion at his weight.

* * *

JACK DAVIS, who at one time was considered as the coming world's champion in the heavy-weight division, conducts the Victoria Hotel and Empire Music Hall at Pontypridd, and is prospering financially. When Jack visited America some ten years ago he created a favourable impression, and would no doubt have made rapid strides to the front ranks but for the manner in which he was treated when he took on Jem Smith. It prompted him to turn up pugilism and settle down to business. He is extremely popular in South Wales, and is looked upon as an authority on matters appertaining to the prize ring. Davis always pays twenty shillings in the pound, and can boast of a goodly-sized bank account.

* * *

BENNY PETERSON, one of the cleverest in the States at 8st 10lb, writes that he will visit London this winter in search of a fight.

* * *

WILLIE SMITH, 8st 2lb, champion, and Bill Baxter have turned out trump cards in their nautical comedy sketch "Heroes of the Fleet."

* * *

PONY MOORE has great confidence in Dick Moore, the American middle-weight, now located at Leicester, and regards him as a sure winner in his coming match with Jerry Driscoll, set for decision at the National Sporting Club, November 26, for a £100 purse and a side bet of £100.

* * *

JOHN WALKER, of Stony Stratford, the well-known pugilist who fought Mike Madden, died somewhat suddenly November 5 at the Neptune Inn, Newport Pagnell, which he had kept for many years. He will be remembered by the sporting fraternity for the part he took in the training of Joe Goss and other pugilists. In his early days he trained fighting dogs and fighting cocks, but since his retirement from the fighting world he has led a quiet life as a licensed victualler.

* * *

JACK FARLEY, of Birmingham, and Walter Butler, of Paddington, engaged in a twenty-round battle, at 9st 10lb, for a purse, at the National Sporting Club, November 5. Butler was a favourite at 6 to 4, and in the early rounds proved himself to be the better man. He slugged Farley in the most determined fashion, and drove the Brum all over the ring. The latter proved himself game, and stuck to his task in hopes of turning the tide, but to no avail, because Butler clearly outclassed him, and had he not injured his arm in the third round the Paddington man would have made short work of his opponent. Farley was forced down in the third round, but quickly arose and took his gruel without flinching up to the eighth round, when he cut loose and put in some hits which caused Butler to display signs of distress. The Paddington man, however, quickly recovered, and used both hands with good effect. Farley gradually grew weak, and slipped to the floor several times. In the fifteenth round he became so thoroughly weakened that the referee deemed it wise to stop the bout and give the award to Butler.

EXPECTING A COLD SPELL.

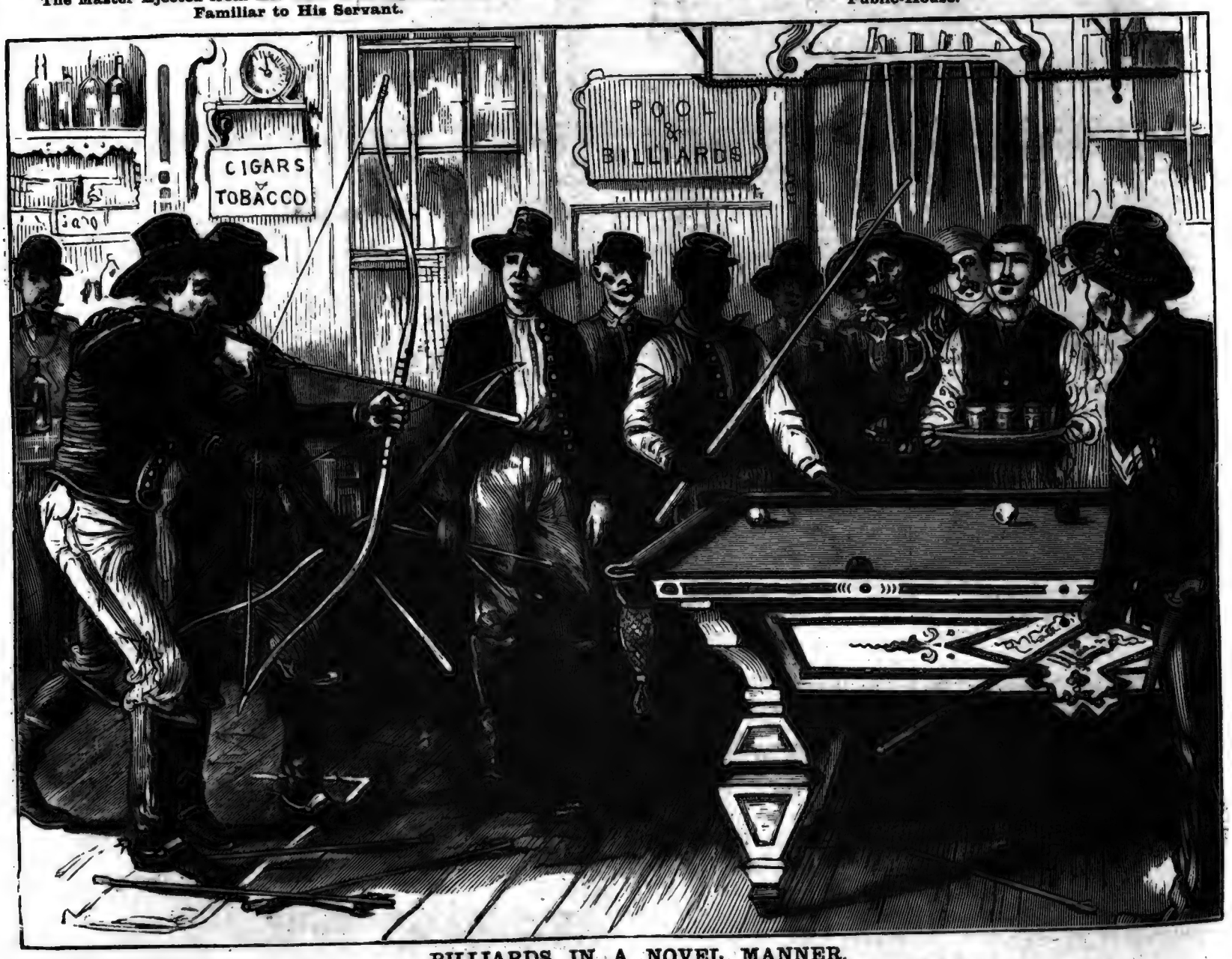
THERE is a venerable boot-jack near the Temple who, when trade is slack and customers few, pretends to be terribly busy by polishing over and over again his own decayed shoes, taking a penny from his pocket, dropping it into his hand, and saying to himself, "Thank you, sir," after each operation. His philosophy is mild, genial, and harmless compared with the Machiavellian logic of a chimney-sweep named John Watts. Trade is somewhat dull with him just now; and nobody would have said a word against him for filling up his leisure until better times arrive in sweeping his own chimney half-a-dozen times a day had he not commenced to appropriate other people's coals in order to make the indispensable soot in it. He was called in to cleanse a flue in a house in Gloucester Street, Pimlico, and took the opportunity of nearly filling his soot-sack with coals belonging to the lady of the premises. His argument probably was that the more coals were burned the more prosperous would the chimney-sweeping business become, and he therefore determined to "spread the soot" by helping the owner of the fuel to approach nearer the time when another ton would be necessary. A vigilant policeman rightly thought Watts would not have willingly laboured under so heavy a sack-load as he had on his back had it consisted solely of soot, and brought him before the magistrate at Westminster, where he pleaded that after all it was only a paltry theft, and neither the lady nor her servants wished to charge him. Mr. De Rutzen fined him 20s, but told him that future dishonesty would be punished in another way. It was the dearest coal Watts ever saw in his life, and worst of all he was not even allowed to burn it in his own chimney.

THE COACHMAN OBJECTED.

The Master Ejected from His Own Drawing-Room for Talking Familiar to His Servant.

STRUCK THE WRONG CUSTOMER.

A Practical Joker Narrowly Escapes being Knifed at a Public-House.



BILLIARDS IN A NOVEL MANNER.

A Party of Mexicans who were Bound to Create an Innovation in Billiard Playing.

A SNAP CAP SAVED HIM.

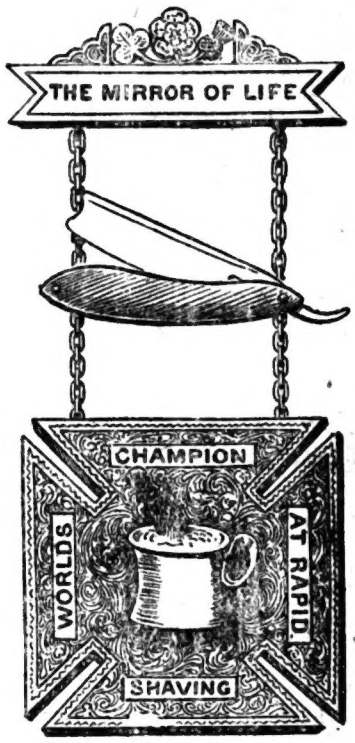
A Girl Attempts to Kill Her Lover whilst Flirting with the Waitress.

RESURRECTED THE DEAD.

A Supposed Corpse is Brought to Life by the Aid of Electricity.

THE SHAVING CONTEST.

A CLOSE STRUGGLE.



THE spirit of rivalry is still abroad, and champions of every grade contest nowadays for trophies given by enterprising patrons, where all-round lovers of sport are only too glad to be present to witness the struggle for the premier honours amongst those engaged. Nothing loth, on hearing that THE MIRROR OF LIFE proposed to give a gold medal for rapid shaving, the tonsorial artists from the four quarters of London met and drew up articles for a contest which will decide their long-debated argument as to who should retain the premier position as the best and speediest exponent of the art. To decide which various halls throughout the metropolis have been engaged to enable each contestant to display his abilities to his friends and admirers.

Beaumont Hall, Mile End, November 1, was the scene of the first night's encounter; each aspirant was provided with nine unshaven subjects, who, in turn, were placed in chairs in a circle facing the audience.

The artist at the word "Go" started from the right and deftly cleared the chin of the first "sitter," quickly proceeding with the "next" until the nine men had been shaved.

The first to enter the list was E. R. Hardie, of Bow, who without undue haste cleared off the superfluous stubble of his patients in 7min 17sec. This was regarded as slow time. The next in order was the Continental Champion, Peter Moss, who did a creditable performance on the same number of fresh faces in 5min 6sec; this was smart work. Jack Gorman, of St. Luke's, in no way dismayed, essayed to better this, but the men who had unfortunately fallen to his share were of the full-growth order, and might be said to be the toughest combination that ever graced a parlour. Nevertheless, for clean shaving it would be difficult to find a West-end shop turn out such a clean and evenly shaved set as these when finished; it took him 8min 58sec, but his admirers feel sure that he will improve on this time on the next occasion. With a confident step Thomas Steele stepped into the breach weapon in hand, and easily disposed of the recumbent ones that fell under his order in 5min 30sec, which left behind Maurice Cohen, of Spitalfields, who could not finish in quicker time than 7min 32sec. On his own battle ground James Rymer was there to do duty, but for suffering from a shock to the system through an upset on his bike, he would, in all probability, have run the first three much closer, but the 6min 4sec under the circumstances was a fair display; this, however, was eclipsed by the remarkable performance of Robert G. Hardie of Notting Hill, who, with what appeared to be comparative ease, left off with a record of 5min, thus placing him at the head in the first of the series of these contests; still plenty of time is yet left to alter the placing of:

	m. s.	extras	m. s.
1. R. Hardie...	5 0	... 3 ...	5 3
2. P. Moss ...	5 6	... 7 ...	5 13
3. T. Steele ...	5 30	... 0 ...	5 30
4. J. Rymer ...	6 51	... 3 ...	6 54
5. M. Cohen ...	7 32	... 4 ...	7 36
6. E. Hardie...	7 17	... 20 ...	7 37
7. J. Gorman	8 58	... 3 ...	9 1

The men who were not passed as cleanly shaved were again placed in position; hence the number of seconds to the names of the different contestants in the extras shows the additional time consumed to rectify their mistakes of leaving sundry hairs; not one of those engaged really cut the skin, and the judges did their duty so successfully that not a single hair remained or graze escaped their vigilant eyes. Ted Dyne and C. Leveine, both of Mile End, held the watch, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE appointed the referee.

A variety entertainment was also included in the programme, but time would only admit of a single selection, in which the Sisters Ivy, who combine both grace and beauty, brought down the house with their song and dance. Professor Albert, an expert conjurer, would have been seen to advantage in his sleight of hand and other mystifying arrangements, but at the call of time the remainder of the bill had no other alternative but to be wiped out.

THE second round of the World's Championship for Rapid Shaving was brought to a satisfactory conclusion at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, on Monday, November 5. The contestants again proved their ability, and the audience appeared highly delighted with the entertainment provided. It was announced that Frank Craig would appear at the above hall on Thursday, November 8, and give a few selections on his harmonica. This will be in connection with the third contest at rapid shaving, and should prove a valuable attraction. Jack Gorman was the first to add to his score, bringing his total up one more stage, but his time is considerably better than his first attempt; in fact, all those who are still contesting have improved in form. Below will be found their positions and time, as will be seen, R. Hardie, of Notting Hill, being well in advance.

SECOND ROUND.

	Time.	Extras.	Total.
	m. s.	s. m. s.	m. s.
R. Hardie	... 3 48	... 1 ... 3 49	... 8 52
P. Moss	... 4 55	... 0 ... 4 55	... 11 8
E. Hardie	... 4 31	... 1 ... 4 33	... 12 44
J. Gorman	... 6 33	... 5 ... 7 1	... 16 48

A HOUSE FULL OF PETS.

THE dog is undoubtedly the friend of man; but too much dog, especially in a London lodging, is to be deprecated. Mrs. Louisa Dixon, a widow residing in the Kensington Park Road, earned a living by letting furnished apartments, and, unlike many landladies, she had no objection to her lodgers bringing their canine pets with them if they were properly looked after. The "lady in the drawing-room" had two dogs, and an army "gentleman," who also lodged in the house, had another; besides which another lodger rejoiced in the possession of "an immense St. Bernard," so that it is obvious that Mrs. Dixon cannot be put down as an inveterate foe to the whole canine race. Her troubles began when a clerk in the Home Office, Mr. Samuel Grimwald, came upon the scene and took apartments with her for himself and his wife; for he brought with him three other dogs, who immediately commenced to demolish the furniture. They were not particular as to what they destroyed. Anything came handy, such as carpets, chairs, sofas, curtains, tablecloths, and hearthrugs. One was a boarhound, whose weight must have been phenomenal, for his mere sitting on a chair at once broke its springs, and while the boarhound was engaged in this occupation the other dogs were busy "foaming over the cushions and spoiling the plush." Mrs. Dixon accordingly asked the County Court to award her £15 as damages, and eventually secured a verdict for £5. She will in future recommend intending lodgers who bring a small pack of hounds at their heels to try the lethal chamber at Battersea.

SHE POSED AS A NUN.

INFORMATION having reached the ears of the police in Paris that a young woman, habited as a nun, though she was not connected with any religious order, was collecting money, ostensibly for an orphanage, but in reality for her own pocket, a couple of detectives were despatched on the war path. They followed the so-called Sister of Mercy for two hours, and ascertained she was reaping a goodly harvest for herself at public-houses and at various shops included in the day's plan of campaign. The young woman was politely requested to accompany the policeman to the Criminal Department at the Prefecture, where she made a full confession. It is noteworthy that during the two hours she had succeeded in collecting fifty francs, a proof that charity is by no means an extinct virtue in France, and, moreover, that, notwithstanding all the attacks on religion, a nun can still command respect and sympathy in the metropolis. The young woman in question has already undergone three condemnations for the same offence. She set to work in a very methodical manner, and had a carefully kept account book, and a long list of the addresses of persons whom she was not likely to apply in vain.

DUC DE CAY: Do you love an old ruin?

Miss Catchum: Oh, your grace, this is so—er—I think I could learn.

"YOU are not looking very well this morning." "For good reason, too. My wife insisted on having a pink tea, and I had to take a little red eye to play even."

WE ARE INFORMED

— Tat Mr. Will Jay Dent, the music-hall architect, is about to establish a provincial dramatic and variety agency, with offices at Shields, Sunderland, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. His address for the present will be Woodland Terrace, South Shields. Mr. Dent is brimful of enterprise, and being closely identified with all of the provincial managers, he is in an excellent position to secure profitable engagements for artists in all branches of the theatrical profession. Those who are seeking engagements in the provinces should communicate with Mr. Dent.

* * *

— That Miss Olga Brandon has closed a tour of nearly two months with Mr. Courte's new drama, "The Great Pearl." She is so satisfied with its results that she contemplates securing a theatre, if possible, for its presentation in London.

* * *

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has had several engagements offered him by provincial managers to perform his plantation dance and solos upon the mouth-organ.

* * *

— That the Empire, Leicester Square, opened again last Saturday, Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Charles having granted a rule nisi calling upon the London County Council to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not issue to cause them to re-hear the case of the Empire.

* * *

— That the new Grand, Gravesend, opened last Monday under the direction of Mr. Thiodon.

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— That a new and original comic opera in two acts, entitled "His Excellency," was produced on Saturday, October 27, at the Lyric Theatre. The libretto is by W. S. Gilbert, and the music by F. Osmund Carr.

* * *

— That "Under the Mask of Truth" was produced on Monday evening, October 29, at the Eden, Brighton, and "Wings of Wealth" first saw the light at the Royal, Willenhall, on October 25.

* * *

— That Miss Nellie Frazelle, who is well known in connection with Captain Fowler, the crack rifle shot, will commence on her own account at the Grand, Sheffield, on the 19th inst.

* * *

— That Lottie Collins is playing the principal part in Fred Bowyer's sketch, "The Devil Bird," at the Opera House, Brooklyn.

* * *

— That Miss Nita Clavering is the latest convert from the theatrical to the music-hall stage.

* * *

— That the Marylebone Music Hall will no longer maintain the "two houses a night" system.

* * *

— That quite a number of music-hall sketches have been produced during the past few days, amongst them being "The Unbeliever," by Mr. D. J. McCarthy, at the Royal, Holborn, and "Violet's Peril," by Brion McCullough, at the Middlesex.

* * *

— That Mr. and Mrs. Henri Cazman and Little Flossie have arrived in America after a rough voyage, by which they were delayed forty-eight hours. They opened at the "Star," Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

— That the following artistes have returned to town after a successful tour:—Bessie Belwood, Peggy Pryde, Carl Hertz, George Beauchamp, and Marian Keates.

* * *

— That Miss Edith Bruce, who is now playing in "A Trip to Chinatown" at Toole's, is pure Scotch, and as she claims—like many a hundred besides—descent from Robert Bruce, may fairly be said to belong to one of the oldest families in Scotland. Miss Bruce served her apprenticeship in the provinces, and it was at Brighton that Mr. Wyndham saw her, and at once engaged her for the rôle of Parker in "The Great Divorce Case," and in his company she remained for some three years. After that she went to the Gaiety, and had a round in comedies with the late H. J. Byron. Thence she proceeded to the Olympic; next to the Haymarket with J. S. Clarke; then back again to the Criterion; and next to the Avenue and the Strand, finally arriving at the Opera Comique in time for the production of "Nita's First." After disposing of that unruly encumbrance she was found in "The Run of Luck" at Drury Lane.

* * *

— That Marie Lloyd will be seen in London during the next few days.

* * *

— That her stay in America has not been a particularly happy one.

* * *

— That with regret we learn that Florrie Cuthbert is seriously ill at Blackpool with typhoid fever.

* * *

— That Mr. Sam Redfern has been indisposed, his place being taken at short notice by the Two Bees, Harry and Flora Blake, at the West London.

* * *

— That the new Empire, Burnley, opened on Monday week. An excellent programme was prepared, and there seems to be every chance of success.

* * *

— That smoking concerts and benefits, the latter especially, seem to be the rage just now.

* * *

— That a juvenile mimic, in the person of Mr. Alf. Robin, aged eleven, gave a successful turn at the Metropolitan lately.

* * *

— That the Bros. Folkestone are organising a banjo and mandoline club in London for ladies and gentlemen who have a liking for those instruments.

A SNAP CAP SAVED HIM.

A Girl Attempts to Kill her Lover whilst Flirting with the Waitress.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THROUGH a missfire a young swell about town escaped death at a private supper rooms in the West-end the other night. He brought his sweetheart in to a late supper, and during the interval when they were waiting for the food to be served the young lady excused herself in order to visit the toilet room. During her absence a remarkably pretty waiter girl entered, carrying a bottle of wine and two glasses, which she deposited upon the table and started to walk out, when the man became so infatuated that he jumped up out of his chair, and, grabbing the girl's right arm, he attempted to imprint a kiss upon her cheek. In the meantime his friend had returned, and, accepting the situation at a glance, drew a revolver out of her pocket and fired, Fortunately the cartridge failed to explode, and before she could make a second attempt the man rushed towards her and forbade her shooting. The young woman let the revolver drop to the floor and went into hysterics.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

Matched to Fight Bob Fitzsimmons in Florida, next July.

(With Portrait.)

THE match between James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, to occur next July for 61,000dols., is the subject of a considerable amount of discussion in sporting circles in the States. If the men meet under fair conditions and both in good condition it will create a vast deal of excitement, and it is safe to predict that there will be more money wagered on the result than on any meeting that has ever taken place within the roped arena. L. A. Gourdain, of New Orleans, has posted 10,000dols, as a forfeit, with an offer to wager 50,000dols. that Fitzsimmons comes out victorious. Corbett avoided a fight with Peter Jackson, and was finally forced into a match with Lanky Bob, who feels confident he will win.

SELINA SEAFORTH.

A Woman who is Clever at Boxing.

(With Portrait.)

SELINA SEAFORTH enjoys the reputation of being one of the cleverest female boxers in the world. She has been before the public for many years, appearing in sparring bouts with professionals.

Telegrams: "Dent, Woodland Terrace."

WILL JAY DENT,

Dramatic and Variety Agent,

WOODLANDS TERRACE,

SOUTH SHIELDS.

All Old Pals and Clients will please write, stating terms.

— That at Birmingham the stipendiary magistrate gave his decision regarding a number of alleged indecent pictures forming part of an art exhibition in Corporation Street. In consequence of complaints the police went to the exhibition and seized a large number of stereoscopic views and twenty framed pictures, comprising copies of "The Judgment of Paris" and "The Slave Market." The proprietor of the exhibition was told that both views and pictures must be destroyed.

* * *

— That a process-server has just won a bet at Sedan that he would enter quite alone the lion's den in a menagerie at present in the town, and make the animals go through their ordinary performance. Amid the suppressed excitement of a crowded audience he armed himself with a heavy whip and entered the cage. The lions did their customary tricks, and displayed no resentment at his intrusion for a time, till one of them refused to go on with its performance, and began to look upon the self-appointed tamer with no very friendly eye. The spectators became alarmed, and insisted that the regular tamer should go into the cage. This he did, and the process-server leaped out, and was heartily cheered.

* * *

— That Walter Schultz, artist, of Little Alie Street, Whitechapel, was brought up on remand at Thames charged with being a suspected person and loitering in a woman's dress for an unlawful purpose. Defendant still wore a black dress, light jacket and cape, black and gold bonnet with large scarlet flowers, a veil, earrings, and carried an umbrella. The only flaw now in his appearance of a fashionably attired woman was about the chin, which presented a scraggy appearance. Besides the evidence of Detective Lapsley, who watched defendant loitering along High Street, Whitechapel, Constable 404 H said about midnight on the 26th he saw the defendant in the Minories, and he had a man on either arm. Witness had previously seen "her" accosting men. At times there was another "woman" with "her."

Defendant said the lady who lived with him wore a man's clothes. Mr. Biron passed sentence of three months' hard labour.

* * *

— That the stewards of the Jockey Club have withdrawn the notice published on July 18, 1889, warning Charles Wood off the racecourse and Heath at Newmarket.

* * *

— That at Manchester David Barry was fined £40 and £10 costs, Thomas Millwood £50 and £10 costs, John Millwood £20 and £5 costs, William Cartmel £20 and £5 costs, in connection with the recent betting raid in Oldham Street, Manchester.

* * *

— That John Mackinnon, who had been living apart from his wife at Barrhead, near Glasgow, went to her house and concealed himself below her bed. At midnight he crawled from his hiding-place and fired two shots at her. Their daughter knocked up his arm, and thus caused the bullets to fly overhead. Still, her mother had a narrow escape. However, the man is said to be insane.

* * *

— That at Jersey a farmer named Francis Mourant—who lived at Victoria village—in a fit of annoyance at his wife's prolonged absence from his house, deliberately shot her in the face, when she returned. The woman lay in a precarious condition for some time, and has now lost the sight of one eye. Mourant has gone to penal servitude for seven years.

* * *

— That the solicitors acting for Read feel considerable difficulty in preparing his defence to their satisfaction owing to the lack of funds. A short time since, in order to raise money, the sum of £100 was accepted from the proprietors of Madame Tussaud's, and Read gave his consent to being exhibited in effigy on condition that £2 a week should be set apart for his maintenance in gaol. He recently sent a letter to Mr. Waters asking for his money supplies, and added that unless funds were sent he "should be compelled to eat the whole-meal bread of my beloved country."

* * *

— That from Colchester comes a horrible report. The wife of a bricklayer named Allen, living in Sir Isaac's Walk, died there on Monday. The husband did not have the body removed, declaring that his wife was not dead, but in a trance. So strong was his conviction that for two nights he had been sleeping with the corpse. The other night the neighbours, finding that no provisions were being made for the interment, informed the police, and Sergeant Stowe was sent to the house. The officer found the man in bed with the corpse, and informed him that the body would have to be buried. This the man again objected to, saying he was sure his wife would come to life. He was, however, induced to leave the house for a time, and the opportunity was taken to place the body in a coffin.

* * *

— That as Henry Johnson was at work on the treadmill at Gloucester Prison on October 31 with other prisoners he fell down dead. He was undergoing a sentence of fourteen days' hard labour for theft.

* * *

— That at the Somerset Assizes, Taunton, Mr. Justice Grantham referred to the fact that out of eighteen cases set down on the calendar more than half were offences against morality. There were nine cases of criminal assault, and most of them were upon girls under the age of thirteen years. It was one of the worst calendars the learned judge had ever had to deal with, and exposed a lamentable state of affairs. The cases appeared to have arisen from near the towns, and did not show a bad state of morality in the rural districts. The grand jury subsequently made a presentment in favour of giving judges the power to sentence prisoners to the lash in cases of criminal and indecent assault upon girls and women. The judge, in promising to forward the presentment to the proper quarter with his own recommendation thereof, said he was entirely in sympathy with the grand jury. There were many cases in which the infliction of the lash would be for the benefit of the public and of the prisoner. At the same time judges were only servants of the Crown, and at present their hands were tied. An alteration of the law rested with the gentlemen who were sent to represent the counties in Parliament.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

SALLY: "What a silly smile young Freddy Lusher has on his lips this evening."

Chaperone: "Yes, he has been putting too many smiles between them."

* * *

A PRETTY girl can usually forgive a man for staring at her, but you wouldn't think so to hear her tell the folks about it when she gets home.

* * *

"JONAH," said the whale, "do keep still."

"Certainly," answered the famous man, "now that I know where I am. I wasn't sure but I had been caught in a folding bed, don't you know."

* * *

SHE (delightedly): "You really think me as pretty as a picture?"

He: "My darling, you are a living picture."

She: "Sir!!!"

* * *

OLD BLONDY: "So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What's your salary?"

Perkins (after long thought): "Well, try me for three months, and if I'm not satisfactory you needn't pay me anything."

* * *

THE Circus Manager: "You're fired, d'you hear?"

The Clown: "Eh? What for?"

The Circus Manager: "During this afternoon's performance you made a new joke! Now get out."

* * *

A YOUNG man with an elegant jag hiccups to a policeman that he wants to get a cab to take him to his hotel, and asks directions to nearest cab stand.

"First street to the right. You'll see two cabs standing there. Take the first one—the other won't be there."

* * *

"MISS BLANKLY complimented me today by saying she enjoyed my new book very much."

She: "I'm sure she does. I noticed that it just fitted in under one end of the bookcase where a roller was missing."

* * *

MR. SMITHERS (newly married): "Henriette, I think we'll have to have a servant girl."

Mrs. Smithers: "Yes, indeed. I can't consent to your doing all the housework alone."

* * *

FIRST CITIZEN: "It is not enough that bicycles carry bells; the law should enforce a regular system of signals that all can understand."

Second Citizen: "What would you suggest?"

First Citizen: "Well, I don't know exactly, but it might be something like this: One ring, 'Stand still'; two rings, 'Dodge to the right'; three rings, 'Dive to the left'; four rings, 'Jump straight up and I'll run under you'; five rings, 'Turn a back handspring and land behind me,' and so on. You see, us folks who walk are always glad to be accommodating, but the trouble is to find out what the fellow behind wants us to do."

THE "COFFEE COOLER" IN WALES.

Frank Craig as a Musician.

The *Western Mail* of Cardiff, on Nov. 5, says:—

CRAIG'S recent fight in London is in itself sufficient to cause South Walians to show an extraordinary interest in his doings, but those who have seen the gentleman from over the water and have spent an hour or so in his company are apt to forget the boxer in recognising his bonhomie, good-fellowship, and all-round ability to entertain. He arrived in Cardiff from London on Sunday evening, and I was fortunate enough to have a brief chat with him as to his ideas of the old country, his intentions here, and what he intended to do. He is a quiet, well-mannered young fellow, with pleasantest of pleasant faces, an inexhaustible fund of humour, and willing in every way to oblige. In his show at Pontypridd this (Monday) afternoon, and again at Cardiff in the evening, he will give an exhibition of his famous mouth organ solos and his buck dancing, at both of which class of entertainment he is considered to be the champion of the world. On the mouthorgan I had an opportunity of judging of his prowess, and I certainly should say he is the champion of the world. I would, in fact, be inclined to bet big odds on that fact. He produced at my request an ordinary sixpenny mouth organ, and produced some of the most charming melodies one could possibly wish to hear. How he did it I don't pretend to say. I simply know he did do it, and everyone who has a chance of listening to him to-day will, I am confident, be equally as surprised and delighted as I was. At present it is arranged for him to give two shows only in Wales, this (Monday) afternoon at three o'clock at Pontypridd, and again in the evening at eight o'clock at the Colonial Hall, Cardiff.

WHAT CRAIG SAID.

Speaking of his experiences in this country, Craig said:—"I am infatuated with Great Britain, and propose to make this country my future home. I came here for the express purpose of fighting John O'Brien and Ted Pritchard, and, as I have met and defeated the Welsh champion, Pritchard is the only man left in the field for me. I am open to take him on at the middle-weight limit—11st 4lb—for £500 or £1,000 a-side and an added purse."

"Since I disposed of O'Brien," continued Craig, "I have been kept pretty busy about London giving exhibitions of boxing, performing solos upon the mouth organ, and doing a plantation dance. Last week in London I met all comers at the Eden Theatre, and succeeded in knocking out a man each night in less than two rounds. Mr. Morritt, the manager, claimed that I was such a good attraction that he doubled my wages for the two weeks to come."

"We fight differently in America to what your men do here," said Craig, "because I notice none of them go in for a sharp and decisive battle. I always like to settle my man in short order, and, in fact, all the Yankees are about the same. The fighters here work for a prolonged mill, and when they meet a hurricane fighter they always come to grief. I shall probably continue to meet all comers for the next month to come, and by that time I am in hopes the Pritchard match will be arranged. I'll then go into training, and those who were behind me in the last battle may depend I shall render a good account of myself. No, I don't drink or smoke. My only hobby is to associate with thorough sporting gentlemen, whose company I always enjoy.

"I'll show at Pontypridd on Monday afternoon, and in the evening I'll appear at the Colonial Hall. After I have completed my engagement in London I shall return to South Wales for a three weeks' tour."

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"DON'T talk to me about compulsory vaccination," exclaimed the man who had his arm in a sling; "I'm sore on that subject."

* * *

"SPILLAT is an awful mean man."

"What did he do?"

"His wife's a political candidate, and he gave his vote to her as a birthday present."

* * *

"I WANT a ream of writin' paper, a box of steel pens, and a quast bottle of ink, young feller," said the burly customer. "I'm going into training for a prize fight."

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